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CHEERFULNESS
A
POEM

Laurence Robertson.

E Charles Phillipson

CHEERFULNESS

Printed by R. & R. Clark

FOR

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CHEERFULNESS

A POEM

"I have always preferred Cheerfulness to Mirth: Mirth is short and transient—Cheerfulness fixed and permanent."

ADDISON.

EDINBURGH
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS
1875

A ١٧٥٩٢٥

CHEERFULNESS.

Part First.

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis
Solutus omni fenore."

HOR. *Epode*, ii. 1-4.

IN the far distant past when Time began,
And Earth was form'd the dwelling-place of Man,
When round her first the Sun his radiance flung,
And angels o'er her birth their anthems sung,
Pure from her Maker's hand, she knew no stain,
Sin had no place—unborn as yet was Pain,
No Grief was there to sigh—no tears to flow,
But peaceful joy the lot of all below.

Then, with bright halo, Cheerfulness was crown'd,
Glow'd in each sight, and warbled in each sound;

Nature through all her realms enjoy'd repose,
While from her myriad tongues to Heav'n sweet anthems rose.
Soon all was chang'd—Man fell—sin's deadly blight
Smote Earth through all her realms—her radiant light
Sunk in eclipse—her vast and fair domain
Shrank quiv'ring 'neath the foul and leprous stain;
Deep sighs and wails were heard amid the gloom,
While Nature trembling waited for her doom.
'Twas then that, echoing from the heights above,
Fell on Man's aching ear the voice of Love
In tones of heavenly music, to proclaim
Forgiveness full and free in Mercy's name—
For thro' God's Son God's favour was restored—
Then Justice smiling sheath'd her gleaming sword,
And, as she saw lost Man his place regain,
Seal'd the blest pardon with a loud Amen.
But Earth, though Mercy reigns, is still the place
Where dwells a fallen and rebellious race,
And though much light its varied scenes illume,
'Tis sombre with the shadows of the Tomb;—

Unlike the light which God at first bestow'd,
That light which through the bow'rs of Eden
glow'd
When Man in innocence was wholly blest,
His joy so full e'en Hope could nought suggest.
Yet much remains to bless man even here,
Much that his soul can soothe, his heart can cheer:
Yes—though alas! of Innocence bereft,
Mercy to him sweet Cheerfulness has left.
Charm'd with the gift, I gladly would essay,
Grateful to sing its praise as best I may,
And though the theme be humble, yet the muse,
To celebrate its fame will not refuse,
But catch its spirit as she waves her wings,
And in her choicest numbers joyous sings.

O Cheerfulness! thou soother of the mind,
Firm friend to all the mourners of mankind,
'Tis thine to visit the abodes of woe,
And bid the tears of sorrow cease to flow.
With heart deep thrill'd with gratitude I'd fain
Aspire to praise thee in a fitting strain,

A pillar to thy fame attempt to rear,
Accept the offering, humble but sincere.
O Cheerfulness! of gentle, modest air,
Far are thy haunts from Fashion's dazzling glare
And loud uproarious revelry and noise—
Where heated passions counterfeit the joys
The heart desires with craving—thou serene,
Of graceful loveliness, of peaceful mien,
Lov'st the calm pleasures of the rural scene.
Unlike thy younger sister, buxom Mirth,
Whose every look declares her of the earth,
Methinks I see thee, with uplifted eye,
Scan the bright glories of the morning sky.
Mirth, gaily rob'd, to music's merry strain,
With foot uplift, goes dancing o'er the plain,
She, with flush'd cheek, eyes sparkling, reels along,
And makes the welkin ring with Bacchanalian song.
But thou, in sober majesty the while,
Thy face all radiant with a heav'nly smile,
Pursu'st thy way, the friendless to befriend,
While their glad thanks thy rosy steps attend;—

Yes, 'tis thy godlike mission to impart
Gifts which at once delight and mend the heart,
While o'er the soul thy soothing raptures creep,
Like the faint flush of dawn at Morning's peep,
But, wide-diffus'd, with deep'ning pow'r they grow,
Till with the light and warmth of Noon they glow.
Emblem of thee, I see the morn arise,
Paint first with rosy light the eastern skies,
Then flood th' horizon round with countless varied dyes:—
Ascends the Sun beyond the eastern hills,
And the glad Earth with song and beauty fills
Fresh glist'ning with the dews the Night distils.
Now soars the lark to greet the new-born light,
Up the blue "lift" quick darts her flick'ring flight,
Higher and higher yet, till lost to sight:—
Pois'd high in air, she spreads her quiv'ring wings,
With gladsome heart her thrilling rapture sings,
And as her limpid melody she pours,
The music to the earth falls in ethereal show'rs.
The bee, awak'd, glad hails the dawning hour,
And flies with droning hum from flow'r to flow'r,

The flow'rs breathe incense on the moisten'd air,
Which climbs to heav'n like acceptable pray'r;
Unseen the dove, whose plaintive notes arise,
Sob thro' the woods, and thrill the ear like sighs.
Far up the sky the crows assembling meet,
And, with loud clam'rous croak, each other greet,
Making confused melody.—Anon
One as an herald cleaves his path alone
Through the bright sky, and as he soars along
Croons to himself his solitary song.
Flashes the thrush from out her leafy nest
With twittering sound, then quick, with throbbing breast,
Back to her chirping young herself she flings,
And warmly wraps them with her loving wings.
Proud chanticleer, elate, distends his throat,
Loud claps his wings, and crows defiant note;
The turkey-cock stands scolding in the path,
With gusts of loud, unreasonable wrath;
The pompous geese, while strutting o'er the ground
In clumsy pride, emit their trump-like sound,

Not unmelodious.—Now ducks are seen
Waddling ungraceful o'er the dewy green
To the old village pond, there plunge away,
And, with short quack, glad swim the livelong day.
The sheep, from out the fold at morn set free,
With cheerful bleatings, whiten all the lea;
The ox, new-wak'd, slow-rising, twists his tail,
Then crops the flow'ry grass adown the dewy vale;
The horse, from labour free, erects his mane,
Tosses his head, and gallops o'er the plain,
Delirious with his joy—then stops, and then again,
Swift as the wind, starts off as if in strife,
Impell'd by inward joy, the luxury of life.
These denizens of air, of hill and plain,
All joy, O Cheerfulness, beneath thy reign,
Bask in the sunny light thou lov'st to yield,
Glad, as though Sin's dread doom had been repeal'd.
Jocund the sylvan scene, when thro' the trees
Of varied foliage, gently sings the breeze
Of early morn, while with sweet tiny noise
Countless glad insects hum their new-born joys,

Thrilling the air with song—and as we rove,
Rapt with the mingling music of the grove,
The eye is raptur'd too, for on our sight,
Blend sober shadows and the dancing light.
Cold is that heart and dead that not essays
Grateful to join the universal praise
That swells around, and as a psalm ascends
Up to the throne of God, who loving bends
To bless His sentient creatures great and small,
Rejoicing in the joy of each and all,
Who ceaseless manifests His loving care
Of all that lives in Earth, or Sea, or Air,
Sees none so great as not to need His aid,
Has none so small or mean as to evade
His sleepless love, since all owe Him their trust,
Seraphs in Heav'n and worms amid the dust.

Blithe is the scene when in the early morn
Of joyous Spring the Farmer sows his corn;
See, in the east, the Sun refulgent rise,
And with his golden light illume the skies,

The smiling Earth, gay with a thousand hues,
Hills, woods, and dales glitt'ring with pearly dews,
All through the woods burst forth the infant leaves
Which Spring, with busy fingers, gaily weaves
For the bare boughs, which late in Winter's reign,
Bent low beneath the blast, and moan'd as if in pain.
Across the upturn'd lea the laden wain
Creeps heavily, and creaks beneath the grain
For seed appointed—while, with sturdy backs,
The swains, across the field, set down the
teeming sacks.
Forth goes the sower—striding o'er the land,
Scatt'ring the seed about with lib'ral hand
Across the rigs, while harrows close succeed,
And safe within the furrow hide the seed.
All, all is joy, before the Farmer's gaze,
Autumn her nodding sheaves is seen to raise
E'en now in rich profusion, which appear
Bless'd by th' all-bounteous Ruler of the year.

'Tis sweet, when Summer pours his ardent ray,
Through the deep wood, with wand'ring steps to stray;

Sooth'd is the soul amid the solemn gloom
Whose shadowy depths the straggling beams illume,
Pleas'd with the glancing lights and sombre shades
In mystic mazes dancing thro' the glades,
While the rapt senses mingling scents inhale,
Which with sweet influence e'en the heart regale.

Melodious sounds enchant the list'ning ear,
Some faintly heard afar—some warbling near,
While at each pause, from out the breathing earth,
Crowds of gay insects buzz their tiny mirth,
The Woodman's strokes loud fall with echoing thuds,
Stroke upon stroke resounding through the woods,
While the warm zephyrs, gently sighing rove,
And breathe a soothing influence o'er the grove.

'Tis sweet, again, to leave the sylvan shade:—
Lo! the bright fields in dazzling green array'd,
The fallows' dark brown tilth, the sapphire skies,
All, all burst gleaming on our startled eyes.
Now, dawning consciousness begins to creep
O'er the awaking soul still half asleep,
(For while we stray amid the shadowy gleams
That haunt the woods, the soul half-conscious dreams.)

Now—full awake—the eye entranc'd surveys
(And the glad heart the raptur'd eye obeys,
And throbs with joy,) the all-enchanting sight,
Hills, vales, and streams all rob'd in dazzling light,
The clouds swift sweeping 'cross the glowing sky,
While o'er the sunny meads the shadows fly,
These for a moment darken all the plain,
Next, brighter than before, it gleams again,
(As childhood's griefs an instant fret the breast,
Which feels next instant more than ever blest).

Adown the vale the eye delighted sees
The hamlet nestling snug among the trees,
(While climbs the smoke in curling ringlets gray,
And on the breathing zephyr floats away):
The Church, white-shining, on its grassy mound,
The Manse hard-by, which ancient trees surround,
Bosom'd 'mong woods the lordly hall is seen,
And the gray ruin cloth'd in ivy green.

Pleas'd sweeps the eye across the sunny glade—
Oxen and sheep lie panting in the shade,
Through the green vale meand'ring flows the stream,
Its waters sparkling 'neath the noontide beam,

The wooded uplands rise upon the view,
Array'd in foliage bright with ev'ry hue,
Where the glad warblers fly from spray to spray,
Singing from glimm'ring dawn till close of day.
The Mowers see—short-stepping, stalwart, blithe,
With brawny strength round sweep the gleaming scythe
Through the long grass, which falls with whistling sound,
And in long swathes, bright glist'ning strews the ground.
Jocund the sight, when in the summer day
The gladsome peasants spread the scented hay
To the bright sunshine, and the sighing gale,
While breathes its flow'ry fragrance o'er the vale.
Now see the happy boys, released from school,
Haste with glad footsteps to the *Bathing-Pool.*
As up the stream's green banks they glowing run,
And meet its waters glist'ning in the sun,
And hear its wavelets prattling as they roll,
Impatient joy inspires their youthful soul,
While all-unconscious of the noontide ray,
With wingèd feet they quicker bound away.

And now they joyful eye the pool's deep tide,
(With magic speed the clothes are cast aside),
While wild with joy, and heedless, if not brave,
Shoals of young swimmers breast the tepid wave:
Shrieks of delight rise from the wat'ry hive,
And the dull pool, with youthful life alive,
Shows transports deep as earth has to bestow—
Transports which none on earth but boys can know:
Joys which abide with never-failing reign,
Whose very mem'ry makes us young again!

Blithesome the sound, as in the olden time,
At Morning's earliest peep and dewy prime,
To milk the ewes the maidens glad convene,
And the gay shepherds hasten to the scene:
The Dawn, with timid step and throbbing breast,
Cautious looks forth from out the glimm'ring east,
Reddens with rosy tint the eastern sky,
As the Sun's form first meets her kindling eye,
(So the maid's blushes spread o'er cheek and breast
As *he* approaches whom her heart loves best),
The mountain-tops first catch the ruddy glow,
Which, quick descending, fires the vales below,

Till the glad Earth sees the bright flowing beams
Kindle o'er hills, and dales, and sparkling
streams.

Around the ewe-bughts merry sounds arise—
With guileless love, warm, sparkling in their eyes,
The am'rous swains the blushing maids attend,
And, rudely gallant, kind assistance lend,
While their fond aids Love's secret bliss bestow,
And breathe a rapture none but lovers know.

O happy scenes! where pure affections dwell,
O blissful joys! words were not made to tell,
In the glad shepherd Love's proud raptures thrill,
His *Susan's* smile a charm for ev'ry ill,
And though his *all* be but a scanty store,
Bless'd with her love he's rich, and asks no more;
He envies not the tenant of a throne,
Twice crown'd in her, *beloved*, and *his own*.

'Tis sweet to see, as sighs the ev'ning gale,
The slanting rays bright gleaming o'er the vale,
While catch the upland woods the dazzling rays,
Glist'ning more bright than e'en 'neath noontide's
blaze.

Now, the full-udder'd kine, with lowing moan,
Homeward move slowly down the grassy loan,
The lusty steeds, from sultry labour free,
Cheerful of aspect, graze the flowery lea,
Or, in tumultuous mirthfulness of soul,
On their broad backs in clumsy gambols roll;
Now the brisk lambs, as flames the ev'ning ray,
O'er the green meadows race in joyous play,
Then sudden stop, anon start off again
With gleesome bleat, and scour the dewy plain.

Sublime the Sun, as in the crimson west
Behind the purpling hills he sinks to rest,
While, as his rich effulgence backward streams,
With dazzling light the whole horizon gleams.

In the calm lustrous azure far on high,
Long gold-fring'd clouds thick stud the western sky,
And moveless rest, as sleeps the ev'ning breeze,
Like islands slumb'ring in celestial seas.

Now fades this phantom landscape from the eye,
O'er the dim Earth gray troops of shadows fly,
Twilight in dewy mantle rules the scene,
Regent, till Night her deep, dark clouds convene,

Sky, hills, and vales with sombre gloom invest,
And hush the world to silence and to rest.

Cheerful the Harvest scene, as o'er the plain,
Kiss'd by the Autumn winds, wide waves the yellow grain,
With whisp'ring, soothing sounds which gently rise,
Then breathe themselves away like falling sighs;
Now far across the field the reapers stand,
Sickles uplift, bright-gleaming, joyful band
Of lads and lasses, pleasing to behold,
In dresses deck'd, which gaudiest tints unfold;
Merry the "daffin'," and the joke goes round,
Rings the loud laugh, anon the cheerful sound
Of song bursts forth from out the joyous heart,
Nature's sweet voice, beyond the reach of art.
On, on they strive in long and motley line,
With joyful toil their ruddy faces shine—
Rustles the grain—the sickles dazzling gleam
In friendly strife beneath the sultry beam,
Fast falls the grain, the bandsters quickly bind,
While in long rows the sheaves arise behind.

Nor will the Muse contented pass untold
The gleaners of the field—the young, the old—
Children all radiant with Life's morning bloom,
Those in Life's eve slow tottering to the tomb:
With faces prone to earth—their work is found
In gath'ring stalks of corn that strew the ground,
And as across the stubble-field they stray,
(Gladsome, though slow,) you hear their cheerful lay.

Nor is the Muse inspir'd alone to sing
The cheerfulness of Autumn, Summer, Spring,
Winter is cheerful too—though storms rise drear,
Shriek through the sky, grim-dark'ning all the air,
Wild whirling drift, or flakes from leaden cloud,
Enwrap the Earth as in her fun'ral shroud:—
Cheerful is Winter—see yon glassy slide,
Down which, with bickering noise, the youngsters glide
(Twisted in ev'ry form), in joyous race,
While with glad health bright beams each youthful face,
Merry of heart, in long and noisy row,
Down the clear ice with reckless speed they go,

And, as some wight quick falls with bumping sound,
Peals of loud ringing laughter rise around.
Now o'er yon frozen lake, quick wheeling by,
Fleet as the winter wind, the skaters fly,
With wingèd feet swift sweep in healthful strife,
Flush'd with the bounding joy of youthful life.
See yonder group! in seeming more sedate,
Older in years, but hardly less elate—
The curlers these. See how they watch the stone,
As down the "Rink" it glides with hollow moan,
How keen their looks, with what excited force
They ply their brooms to smooth its laggard course
Across the "score," while some stones furious dash
And rattle down the rink with booming crash
To reach the goal; scatt'ring the stones around,
While censure, praise, and laughter blent resound.
Nor in our Isle alone can winter cheer,
E'en in the far dark North his joys endear;
To th' Esquimaux his snow hut's squalid hearth
Is dearer than the fairest homes of Earth,
Cradled 'mid storms, their shrieks and wailing voice
(Like songs a mother sings) his heart rejoice,

He feels his home is Earth's most favour'd spot,
And pities all denied his blissful lot.

See the furr'd Laplander, in healthful haste,
Drive his rude sledge across the frozen waste,
And as his faithful Reindeer backward throws
Her antler'd head, 'mid the wild whirling snows,
Jingle the bells, and as he glides along,
O'er the white dazzling waste, loud rings his joyous song.

Yet chiefly in our own beloved Isle
Winter glides in with kindly cheerful smile,
Red glows the ev'ning fire with crackling blaze,
Shedding around its ruddy welc'ming rays,
As all from daily toil successive come,
And each glad feels the luxury of "*home.*"

See the pleas'd matron o'er the tea preside,
Glance round with mingling gratitude and pride,
As her blithe children, noisy, eager, keen,
Haste to tell all they've heard and all they've seen.

The tea around a pleasing fragrance flings,
The "couthie" urn its simmering music sings,
The fav'rite cat lies purring on the hearth,
Rings merrily the laugh of heartfelt mirth,

The pictures gleaming on the shining wall
The happy days of "Auld Lang Syne" recall,
Pensive the Mother thinks (while starts the tear)
On those belov'd ones now no longer here,
But blesses Heav'n, that though of them bereft,
So many lov'd ones round her still are left,
Prays that to her and hers it may be given
All, all to meet at last, a family in Heaven.

But hark! how shrilly pipes the Wintry gale,
Now in wild shriek, now in low sobbing wail,
While with fierce sweep keen dash the sleety rains,
And storm-driv'n hail loud rattles on the panes,
These no alarm, but deeper joy impart,
Making home's bliss still dearer to the heart,
For the wild blinding drift, and deaf'ning din
Deepen the snugness that prevails within.

Anon some merry youthful friends arrive,
And now the snug old parlour is alive
With cheerful sounds of simple, harmless joy,
Music and games the ev'ning hours employ,
The ancient ballad with its pathos fills
The list'ning throng, and ev'ry bosom thrills.

Now the young voices cheerful chorus sing,
While with harmonious tones the rafters ring,
Anon with many a game and blithesome play,
'Mid merry sounds the hours fly swift away,
At length "Blind Harry," 'mid uproarious noise,
(Dear ancient fav'rite), crowns the ev'ning's joys.

Blest rural life! How at thy very name
Fair visions gleam around to swell thy fame,
The rising Sun, the glitt'ring morning dews,
The glowing east with rich vermilion hues,
The calm of Summer noon, so still, so deep,
When Nature seems to wink as if in sleep,
The close of eve, when in their dewy nest,
The warblers of the grove low chirp themselves to rest,
Night gazing down with myriad twinkling eyes,
The Moon careering high through cloudy skies,
Like Virtue conqu'ring ills—or as, again,
Low in the eastern sky, in sickly wane,
With sallow cheek she lies, as if in pain.
O rural life! at thy lov'd name I hear
Sweet sounds rise warbling in the raptur'd ear:—

The lark, glad springing from the dewy ground,
Fills the clear morning air with trilling sound;
With merry twitt'ring note the swallow leaves,
On quiv'ring wing, her nest among the eaves
For short excursion, then, with flutt'ring breast,
Darts up again, and sinks within her nest.

Nor cheerful only they at morn that wake
In their low grassy nest or wooded brake,
Spread glist'ning wings as glad they upward soar,
And to the bright'ning dawn their raptures pour,
While ever-swelling joy distends their breast—
Nature's gay denizens, with freedom blest.

No—e'en that warbler in its cage immur'd
Finds more to be entranc'd with than endur'd,
Within its prison sings with rising glee,
And, though enslav'd, seems cheerful as the free,
Pouring those limpid notes in merry strain
Learn'd in its far-off home beyond the main.

Still do these notes but mingled joy impart,
And sound half-sadly in our wond'ring heart,
Pensive we listen to the tones elate,
Which seem to sadden 'neath the frown of fate,

And while they gaily rise in warblings clear,
An undertone of grief we seem to hear.
Affecting sight! th' imprison'd bird to view,
Its foreign plumage rich in golden hue—
Affecting sound! its liquid notes to hear
Rise, like the free birds', jubilant and clear.
How plain to all but those who *will* be blind,
That e'en the meanest move *the Father's* mind;
Yes! 'tis His smile that makes the warbler gay,
Though home, mate, freedom, all have pass'd away,
And when to it all pleasures seem denied,
Well-pleased, He e'en for it doth happiness provide.

Forth to the field the Farmer early hies,
While Light faint glimmers in the eastern skies,
Health in his sturdy frame and ruddy face,
As on he strides elate, with vig'rous pace,
To join his Hinds, and all their labours cheer
Amid the varying service of the year,
Whether in youthful Spring the seed they sow,
Or toil 'neath buxom Summer's torrid glow,

Or hail brown Autumn dancing o'er the plain,
Crown'd with gay flow'rs and heads of golden grain.

Blithesome, his cot which scented shrubs adorn,
The Woodman leaves, at earliest peep of morn:
His wife's kind smile, as for the day they part,
Fills with deep sweet delight her husband's heart:
As to the woodland scene he bends his way,
(His axe faint-gleaming in the morning ray),
He hails with cheerful song the dawning day.

But, earliest of the morn, the Shepherd see,
His footsteps pacing o'er the dewy lea,
Hills, woods, and vales in dusky shadow lie,
The morning-star still glitt'ring in the sky,
Amid the gloom he hears the brawling rill,
As with firm tread he bends towards the hill
Where lie his flocks, protected from the cold
'Neath the snug shelter of the mountain fold;
His faithful collie trots his steps behind,
Sober and grave, of meditative mind,
'Till the Sun rise beyond the purpling hills,
And Earth—new-wak'd—with bright'ning glory fills,

Then collie, joyous at the gleaming dawn,
Starts, barks, then swiftly scours across the dewy lawn.

O rural life! I gladly yield thee praise,
Thou fount of joy to man thro' all his days,
Still constant thou, e'en in Life's fever'd game,
'Mid endless changes thou abid'st the same,
With thee Health, Peace, Love, Innocence, remain,
Blessing the silent hills, the fertile plain.
Yes, 'tis to thee those virtues owe their birth,
Which, 'mong the mightiest nations of the earth,
Give her high place to Britain—foremost place!
And make her stalwart sons the rulers of the race.
Far from the Babel-roar thou dwell'st apart,
And seek'st t' instil the virtues of the heart,
Those virtues whose descent is from above,
Fed by the Fountain of Eternal Love.
Yes, 'tis from thee, and not from Laws or Kings,
That our lov'd country's varied glory springs—
'Tis this that makes her terrible in war,
(As in bright arms she mounts her dazzling car),
This that from every clime brings tribute from afar.

But nobler pow'rs than war or commerce know,
These Heav'n-born virtues on our land bestow—
Teach her th' oppress'd from tyranny to save,
Smite the oppressor, and redeem the slave;
Nay, her invest with loftier, purer fame,
And wreathe a brighter glory round her name,
Glory supreme! for her's the post assign'd
Through Earth's wide realms to tell Heav'n's mercy
to mankind.

O Britain! birthplace of the free and brave,
More honour'd still—th' asylum of the slave!
To thee the outcast, banish'd, homeless come,
From ev'ry land, in thee to find a home;
Thy loving pow'r is felt in ev'ry clime,
'Tis thine to help the helpless—task sublime!
Be this thy honour'd joy down to remotest time.

Part Second.

"Lætus in præsens animus quod ultra est
Oderit curare et amara lento
Temperit risu."

HOR. ii. *Odes*, xvi. 25-27.

WHENCE is thy glory, Britain?—Is it found
In thy great marts, 'mid smoke, dust, deaf'ning sound?
These are the scenes alas! where blackest crimes abound.
There oft soul, body, spirit, all wax wan,
While sinks eclips'd the dignity of man:
Yes, to these centres gravitate the vile,
The base, the mean, the felons of our isle,
Each hopes amid the crowd his deeds to hide,
From low to lower depths they quick subside,
Corrupted and corrupting, till their name
Adds darkness to the dark'ning roll of shame.

But think not all are vile.—No, *there* we find
The wise, the good, the nobles of mankind,
Their virtue doubly strong, for doubly tried,
Their country's bulwark, ornament, and pride.

Still would the corrupt mass more corrupt grow,
But for the living, healthful, constant flow
Of those who erewhile dwell'd in rural parts,
Of simple honest lives, and guileless hearts,—
These stay the plague—but oft at mournful cost,
Oft, as they others save, themselves are lost:
Like the clear stream, born far among the hills,
Which sparkling flows at first in limpid rills,
But touch'd by Commerce, it pollution knows,
And with foul, turbid waters onward flows,—
And as its putrid waves roll on their course
Towards the sea, you hear its murmurs hoarse
Like voice of troubled dream, or mutterings of remorse,
As if it felt how sad a change had come,
Since pure, with prattling glee, it left its mountain home.

'Tis not that Heav'n confines or gifts or grace
To any class, or yet to any place:

The fairest scenes of nature strive in vain
The foulest crimes of nature to restrain,
And while the scenes the Maker's love proclaim,
Man, made their sovereign, makes himself their shame.

But miscreants 'mid such scenes may not remain—
Fain they're to flee, to hide their loathsome stain—
The hiss of scorn, insulted virtue's frown
Drive them away, and then they seek the town—
There, 'mid sin's gloomy shades they disappear—
Those who best love them blush their name to hear.
Cleans'd thus the rural scene—but ah! *they* go
To swell the seething mass of sinful woe,
To dye with deeper taint the roll of crimes,
And stain at once our country and our times.

Still 'tis a boon that, tho' it fails to cure,
The rural scene should keep its morals pure
By banishing the vile—that thus our land
Should for fair Virtue's honour make a stand—
Should e'en by stern dismissal teach the vile
That Virtue's still the glory of our isle,
Drive forth th' infectious vices of the base,
And guard the morals of the rising race,

Kindle the patriot flame, that race inspire
Round our lov'd land to stand a wall of fire,
To guard with jealous care her spotless fame,
Nay—add new honours to her honour'd name.

Still, while our country's many virtues charm,
Signs now develop, fraught with dread alarm,
Signs, which uncheck'd, will bring her glory down,
And from her brows remove the royal crown.
The manly pride that bless'd the former race,
Which shrank from *parish aid* as from disgrace,
Has pass'd away—and in its place succeed
Clam'rous complainings and obtrusive greed.
No more men seek their pauper state to hide,
But boast its produce with ignoble pride—
Nay, to increase it, endless pleas invent,
Then snatch it rude, with thankless discontent;
First seek its aid with abject, whining moan,
Then with coarse bluster claim it as *their own*,
And sadly show that this parochial dole
Which nourishes the body, starves the soul.

What makes the tott'ring old now breathless come
For parish aid? No aid they find at home!—
Ay, those they toil'd for once with willing hand
Now grudge the pittance Age and Want demand,
And while an unblest competence they earn,
Their parents paupers see with heartless unconcern.

Debas'd the sin, and foul the evil done,
Tainting with wasting touch both sire and son,
The former, half in sorrow, half in rage,
Sees in his child the tyrant of his age;
The latter, as his father sinks in years,
Shows how prophetic were that father's fears,
While Conscience scorn'd, to *bless* has lost control,
But stings, and irritates, and blasts the soul,
And all those kindly charms which bless'd of yore,
Have fled the social scene, and bless no more.

Alas! it needs not prophet to divine
That these are symptoms of a state's decline,
For when a country's *homes* have lost their sway,
That country's glory's tainted with decay,
And when dishonour's done to social ties,
The *man's* degraded, and the *patriot* dies,

And those who thus insult high Heav'n's *command*
Invoke Heav'n's *judgments* to destroy the land.
Here none can save but Him who rules above,
The living fount of sacred human love,
And oh! may He with lib'ral, loving hand
Diffuse it wide through our beloved land,
That the lost virtues may regain their hold,
And bless the homes of Britain as of old.

Now sorrowing Truth constrains me to declare
Our rural virtues are not what they were,
That much which both ennobled and endear'd
Our former days and scenes, has disappear'd.
'Tis not alone that filial fond respect
Yields now too oft to harshly base neglect:—
The books once priz'd, of healthful knowledge full,
Are spurn'd as most intolerably dull;
The loose romance, unknown in days of yore,
Blights the young heart, and taints it at the core;
Less oft we hear the voice of praise and prayer
From Cottage altar bless the ev'ning air;

Some who once kept now break the sacred day,
And what God gave for worship use for play,
Once, duly at the church-bells' solemn sound,
Pour'd rustic groups from all the hamlets round,
But the bless'd Zion which the fathers priz'd,
Is by their offspring oft, alas! despised.

Woe's me! for who can fail to understand
That these bode ill to our dear native land?
That she so long belov'd and bless'd of God,
If she reject His love must feel His rod,
And lose her lofty place by Him assign'd,
A model and a blessing to mankind!

And oh! may Britain's children, ere too late,
So act as to avert her woful fate;
Learn that if God's despis'd her glory's lost,
Her fleets and armies then an idle boast;
Yes, that she's doom'd to flourish or to fall
As she obeys, or not, the Lord of all.

Still, from such scenes our nation's glory flows,
'Mid rural scenes that glory first arose
In the far distant past, then morals pure
Were link'd with courage, calmly to endure

Misfortune, sickness, poverty, and strife,
With all the rugged ups and downs of life;
Nor has that influence ceas'd, 'tis still the same
Which has enshrin'd in glory many a name,
Oft from the Cottage spring the favourites of Fame.
Yes! let the kindling eye, with glance sublime,
Sweep o'er the past to th' earliest dawn of Time,
Through long successive ages closely trace,
In ev'ry clime, the hist'ry of the race;
Lo! 'tis not Rank or Wealth, but Worth and Soul,
That with true living pow'r mankind control;
To Rank and Wealth men seeming homage show,
To Worth and Soul alone they *really* bow,
And such among the poor as oft we see
As 'mong the pamper'd sons of high degree.
See *Cincinnatus* save imperial Rome,
Then glad return to bless his rural home,
Resign the sceptre and resume the plough,
While wond'ring Fame with laurel binds his brow.
See *Æsop*, poor, decrepit, and a slave,
Make debtors of mankind by what he gave,

In language simple, but with thought sublime,
Diffusing varied wisdom for all Time.
But time itself would fail me to relate
The laurell'd heroes sprung from low estate,
Who in each age, in ev'ry sphere of mind,
Have risen to teach, to lead, to bless mankind:
But sure the brightest chronicles of Fame
Reveal (or rich or poor) no nobler name
Than *his* whose dust has found its proper place
'Mong *theirs*, the noblest of the British race,
The sacred dust of Britain's good and great,
Urn'd in the famed *Machpelah* of the State;
But more than royal obsequies are here—
Britain—mankind—deep mourn around his bier.
O man! of lowly birth, but god-like aim,
'Twas thine to raise the fall'n, the laps'd reclaim,
To cheer the desolate, the lost to save,
To strike the galling fetters from the slave,
Teach Afric's sons thy country to revere,
Nay, make her name as music in their ear.
In him Philanthropist and Patriot blend—
His country's *son*, of all mankind the *friend*—

Heav'n's herald — to Heav'n's work his *all* he gave,
Till the worn hero filled the Martyr's grave.
Yes! he has left a pure, a deathless name,
Honour'd beyond the praise of earthly Fame,
His noble nature, beautiful, sublime,
Will teach and bless mankind to latest time;
The name of *Livingstone* shall glow, enshrin'd,
Not by his country only, but mankind!

O happy scenes of sweet domestic joy!
Few are the sorrows that thy bliss annoy—
Life peaceful glides along from year to year,
Like the sweet prattling brook that murmurs near
The cottage wall, in sunshine glist'ning clear;
For here dwell peaceful Love and joyful Health,
The children's bliss, the parents' richest wealth,
This rapture yields beyond the joys of gain,
This fills the heart—not music's sweetest strain
Delights their ear so much as charms the glee
Their children feel, the heart's sweet minstrelsy:

The children in each parent find a friend,
See filial love and rev'rence sweetly blend,
See age o'er youth in blest affection bend.
Religion too, her sacred influence yields,
And those dear scenes from ev'ry danger shields,
Lest 'mid Life's boist'rous storms they fade away—
Immortal now! they smile upon decay,
Survive not Life alone—outlive the tomb,
And through unending ages fadeless bloom.
'Tis from such scenes that Britain's glory springs,
While joyful Fame, borne on celestial wings,
Soars to Earth's utmost bounds and lofty pœans sings.

O Cheerfulness! thou sunshine of the heart,
Joy to each stage of life thy smiles impart,
Like the sweet light of day thou shin'st on all,
Blessing both old and young, both great and small.
Ev'n on Life's dawn thou lift'st thy loving eyes:—
The babe, who smiling in his cradle lies,
Feels thy sweet influence like an inward light,
Smiles, claps his tiny hands, and crows with all his might.

Childhood thou blessest with thine influence mild,
Pure as a mother's love, low-bending o'er her child,
Thy smile his heart with gentle rapture fills
(As 'neath Morn's glance glad blush the eastern hills),
He knows not *whence* the joys that thrill his breast,
But *feels* for him to *be* is to be *blest.*

Constant art thou, O Cheerfulness! thy joy
Which bless'd the child remains to bless the boy,
O! in what lustrous hues Life's scenes appear,
What witching smiles his bounding spirit cheer,
Earth as an Eden fairest tints adorn,
Bright-spangled with the dew-drops of the morn.

Hope waves her wing, yet fairer visions crowd,
Earth without flaw, and skies without a cloud,
While angel-voices o'er these scenes so fair,
With heav'nly music thrill the ravish'd air.

Oh! who can e'er forget the joyous scene
When, at the close of school, the village-green
Sudden became alive with troops of boys
Wild with delight, confus'd uproarious noise
Rang thro' the air (methinks I hear it yet),
Ne'er can the heart the gladsome sound forget.

Earth has no raptures to the heart more dear
Than those which thrill'd when holidays drew near,
Each day was gladly chronicled as *past!*
While with wild shouts of joy we hail'd the *last.*

As these fair visions of the past we view,
And fondly gaze on those whom once we knew,
We sigh to think of those who us'd to cheer,
How few! alas, how very few are here!

No earthly joy more deeply moves the heart,
Than when old friends who long have liv'd apart,
Meet in Life's after years:—Scenes, long since fled,
At Mem'ry's voice arise as from the dead:
Friends live again, their deeds and words are told,
With many a tale that charm'd in days of old;
And as these bright young days their thoughts employ,
Each feels his heart deep-thrill'd with pensive joy,
Forgets Life's ills—and is again a boy!

Friend of the poor! the bliss of low estate!
No cringing flatt'rer thou of rich or great,
More pleas'd to dwell within the cottage walls
Than 'mid the splendour of patrician halls.

How oft Life's shows are but a fever'd dream!
Oh! how unlike they *are* to what they *seem*,
Oft when wild mirth and song are sounding high,
Falls on the startled ear th' unconscious sigh,
Or starts th' unbidden tear-drop from the eye,
While Fashion's wretched slave would fain beguile,
And hide his wasting grief beneath a smile,
'Mid the gay throng strives hard to bear his part,
While secret woe is gnawing at his heart,
Finds that of all the arts that men essay,
Hardest of all's the labour to be gay!

O Cheerfulness! thou lover of the *true*,
This hollow mock'ry has no charms for you,
With pensive gaze thine eyes the throng survey,
Here is no home for thee, thou canst not stay,
But glad, to humbler scenes, thou hie'st away.

Now loving joys thy kindly bosom cheer,
As down the ferny glen thy steps draw near
The poor man's cot, which varied flowers adorn,
Snug 'neath the shelter of yon aged thorn!—
This wins thy heart, thou enter'st it as thine,
Round thee I see a lustrous halo shine),

Charms to that lowly shed thy glances yield,
The needy's wealth—the unprotected's shield.

See yonder aged Beggar, worn and gray:—
As thro' the world he wends his weary way,
From place to place he tramps his constant round,
Well known his fiddle's unmelodious sound—
But still, where'er he goes, the young draw near,
And with grave earnest looks attent they hear—
For well they love the old man, gentle, kind,
And pity blends with love—for he is blind.
Pleas'd with their artless zeal, his spirit warms,
He feels that life, though drear, has still its charms;
Though now he walks his rounds in rayless night,
His soul's refreshed by visions fair and bright,
He's journeying to the land of Love and Light:
Though now, beneath life's load constrained to bend,
He knows "the Friend of Sinners" is *his* friend,
Feels to his Father's home he's drawing near,
While oft its echoes thrill his list'ning ear,

Charm'd with the sound, his swelling heart essays
Heav'n's songs to join, in true tho' tuneless praise.

'Tis sweet to hear at close of harvest day,
The sounds of rural mirth and harmless play—
Far thro' the vista of departed years,
At Mem'ry's voice the cheerful scene appears:
I see the merry laughers once again,
I hear the fiddle pour its mirthful strain,
While a spruce son of Erin, sprightly, trig,
Steps forth to dance a hornpipe or a jig,
Their mazy steps performs with rapid tread,
(While the shillelagh whirls around his head)—
And as his flying feet quick, quicker, spring,
Shouts of applause loud echo round the ring,
Till, as his quiv'ring steps their quickest fly,
Sudden his footing fails with twist awry,
And down he goes, low sprawling on the ground,
While peals of merry laughter rise around.
Sweet are these joys, beyond the reach of Wealth,
Offspring of Cheerfulness and mental health,

The portion of the poor who dwell apart
Far from the town's contagion, crime, and art,
For though obscure their lot, their means tho' scant,
They know not luxury, and fear not want,
To them it is contentment, almost pride,
That each day's earnings each day's wants provide;
Nay, some the voice of prudent thrift obey,
Make some provision for "the rainy day,"
And if perchance of threat'ning debt afraid,
Feel doubly happy when the debt is paid,
Feel that 'tis better to endure the need,
Than miss the raptures which its pains succeed,
Enjoy a bliss the wealthy never know—
The joy of feeling *this* escape from woe,
(For unto those whose ev'ry want's supplied,
Pain may be saved, but rapture is denied,)
While 'tis with pride, but thankful pride they feel,
Heav'n helps them to procure their helpless children's weal.

Oh! dull compared with these is grandeur's strife,
The weary round of fashionable life,

Where each poor vot'ry strives for highest place,
Breathless pursues each day the madd'ning race,
The phantom dances bright before his eyes,
But ever, as he tries to grasp it, flies:
Toils more oppressive than oppress the slave
Him harass from the cradle to the grave.

Not that thou, Cheerfulness, art prone to flee
The lordly halls of men of high degree,
That Rank and Wealth must court thy smile in vain,
(That smile kept sacred for the lowly train,)
No! to thy heart all ranks alike are dear,
Thou'lt bless no more the peasant than the peer.
All share thy gifts who yield to Nature's sway,
Whom reason guides, who virtue's voice obey,
And none more fully reap thy blest estate
Than they, the kindly rich, the humbly great,
Who wealth's best bliss, rank's highest honour find
In raising up the prostrate of mankind,
And learn that doubly blest of Heaven are they,
Its *joy* they *feel*, while they its *love display*.

Many are such, thank Heaven!—a lustrous band!
The glory and the safeguard of our land,
Who, 'mid high place, the humble heart retain,
Tried both by pride and vanity in vain,
Whose noble birth, high titles, rich estate,
Are but the handmaids on their worth that wait—
These give nobility no patent can,
And shed new lustre on the name of *Man*,
These show how blest are they whose life is right,
Who seeking only *duty*, find *delight!*

But while thou dwellest with the humbly great,
Joyous as with the men of low estate,
Riches and rank too oft wield baleful sway,
And make their vain *proprietor* their *prey*,
Leading him less t' enjoy thy healthful beams
Than fashion's sickly pyrotechnic gleams.

Thus 'tis thy lot, thy chiefest fame to find
Among the poor, nay mourners of mankind,
Thy smiles sweet influence o'er their soul diffuse,
Make life's horizon bright with heavenly hues,
And as they upward glance with kindling eye,
Their heart o'erflows with joy, they scarce know why.

See that tall martial figure drawing near:—
His rags and batter'd hat he seems to wear
With military grace—now mark his measur'd tread—
How squar'd his shoulders—how erect his head!
His sunburnt face, his many cuts and scars,
Tell he has known the ills of foreign wars;
The broken soldier see!—his early life
Pass'd 'mid the martial sounds of drum and fife,
'Mid many colour'd banners, waving gay,
The booming roar of battle's grim array:
Now all these scenes have pass'd, these sounds have died away.

Oft, as he swaggers on 'mid rural ways,
Mem'ry recalls the scenes of early days,
Scenes ever fresh, he loves to hear her tell
Where this hard fight was won, that fortress fell,
Where stood the embattled hosts in fell array,
How Britain's foes—though brave—at last gave way,
And how, as ever, Britain won the day.

In Winter eve his warlike tales abound,
Pleas'd with his rustic list'ners bending round

Agape with wonder, on his story flows,
And once again he fights and routs his foes;
Tells how, 'mid trumpets' blast and cannons' roar,
Hosts met with hosts 'mid dust, and smoke, and gore,
While furious charg'd the horse the bristling square,
And shouts of battle rent the startled air,
The serried ranks of foes right onward sweep,
But like the waves that dash 'gainst th' rocky steep,
They toil in vain—while at the electric sign,
In one dread charge the British hosts combine,
And shouts of vict'ry sound along the British line.
These scenes revive the vet'ran's wasted frame,
And, young again, he burns with youthful flame,
Forgets his rags, his wand'rings, and his woes,
And cheerful joy within his bosom glows,
These visions of the past all ills beguile,
And Fortune's frowns he meets with cheerful conqu'ring smile.

Hark! what's that sound which falls upon the ear?
Rough and uncouth, but full of hearty cheer—
'Tis that disabled sailor drawing near:—

Of aspect blithe, as slow he limps along
Adown the rural lane, he bursts into a song:—
Disabled sore—one eye was quench'd in night,
When on the Nile brave *Nelson* fought his fight;
A leg, by th' angry cannon swept away,
Lies 'neath the waters of Trafalgar's Bay;
Homeless, and lame, and miserably poor,
Compell'd in age to beg from door to door,
Though round the world he hobbles on his way,
Bless'd with a heart contented, cheerful, gay,
(Though hard his fate) ne'er murmurs or repines,
And as a true unconscious hero shines—
Tells, with proud pity, of those comrades dear
Who 'mid war's terrors never felt a fear,
Who for their country bled, then fell asleep,
And found a lonely grave beneath the deep:—
Describes the deadly fight, the blazing shrouds,
The cannons' thunder booming to the clouds—
Tells how the mighty *Nelson*, calmly brave,
Guided the British fleet by Nilus' wave,
Tells of that proud but melancholy day
Which made a deathless name, *Trafalgar's Bay*—

Fame's voice rose mournful, like a fun'ral knell,
Britain the vict'ry gain'd, but Nelson fell!
While thus the vet'ran tells of comrades dear,
His deep voice falters, gleams the glist'ning tear,
But Cheerfulness returns like dawning day,
And with a blithe "farewell" he limps away.

Adown the wooded glen, behold afar,
As a dim speck appears the cadger's car,
And as with pace slow-moving it draws near,
A sound of jingling wheels falls on the ear:—
And now the hamlet's reach'd—and from each door
Forth troop the rural dames to scan the motley store,
And while th' attractive car they gather round,
Louder and shriller swells their clam'rous sound,
While harmless mirth and homely jokes abound.
Blithe is the cadger's heart—his humble wit
Though plain in feature, for his audience fit,
Diffuses mirth around—while with shrewd sense
He seeks his various treasures to dispense.

Pleas'd they give ear, while with historic pride
He tells the gossip of the country-side,
What children have been born—what maidens wed,
Who to be married are, and who are dead,
That Farmer *Hodge* has fail'd—and (so they say)
His stock and crops will all be sold in May.

Thus he runs on, with stories such as these,
Which, more than nobler themes, their fancy please,
But shrewd, takes care that as his tales he tells
To th' list'ning throng, his various wares he sells:—
Thus 'mid these scenes, half-labour and half-play,
His lowly life glides cheerfully away.

Oh! blest his peaceful lot compar'd with theirs
Whose life is one long roll of ceaseless cares—
Illustrious merchant kings! of high degree,
Whose teeming cargoes float on ev'ry sea—
High speculators in the game of wealth,
Too oft contentment, conscience, peace, and health
They lay on Mammon's altar.—Tragic life!
Sad scene of sleepless care and ceaseless strife,
By fev'rish hopes and fears alternate vex'd,
Pain'd in this world, afraid to face the next,

Pale spectral forms of those they once oppress'd
Flit round their midnight couch and scare their rest,
And, as to Life's drear close they win their course,
Falls on their startled ear the hissing of remorse.

All are not such, thank Heaven; nay, not a few,
Bless'd both with wealth and grace to use it too,
Show that while wealth in most corrupts the heart,
Some it but blesses, blessings to impart,
Ready at once to *seek* and *succour* need,
The naked glad to clothe, the hungry feed,
To ease the couch of pain, to help the weak,
Bless with health's rosy blush the pallid cheek,
To the lone orphan kindly aid impart,
And taste the bliss that warms the loving heart,
The faded widow's wasting grief beguile,
Call to her sadden'd face th' unwonted smile,
And find 'tis bliss *His* mandate to obey,
The "widow's husband," and the "orphan's stay."

Yes! he is wise whose heav'n-taught spirit knows
That he possesses most who most bestows,
And he alone is rich whose heav'n-blest wealth
Blesses the poor, and chiefly when by stealth,

When the kind gift (the giver hid from view)
Falls blessed, fresh, and silent as the dew:
The giver too's twice bless'd when what is giv'n
Is only known to conscience and to heav'n.

Others there are, who 'mid misfortunes gloom,
In virtue's varied charms attractive bloom,
But when success around them pours his rays,
Reveal what wakes our horror and amaze;
Like as the glowworm in the shade of night,
Gleams, like a tiny star, with em'rald light,
But when the morning shines with searching ray,
'Tis but a homely worm in rusty grey,
Its charms all fled, its lustre died away.

O Cheerfulness! of comely modest mien,
Thou shunn'st the glare of Mammon's bustling scene,
Whose wretched vot'ries spend laborious days
In chasing that which, as they touch, decays,
Whose ever-gath'ring treasures fail to bless,
Greater the wealth, the power to use it less:
The pining av'rice which can hoards produce,
Securely guards them from the owner's use,

They yield no joy, nay, waste his soul with care,
And curse him as the menial of his heir!

Yes! wealth they get, but wealth they only find
More deeply anxious makes the anxious mind:
That worse than vain for peace their gath'ring store,
The more they get, they really *want* the more,
Their wealth but makes them more intensely poor!
They find what once seem'd joy, is now when near,
But sallow misery with a mocking sneer:—
Like the worn trav'ller in his desert dream
Who sees far off a sparkling fountain gleam,
But as he nears the spot, in blank dismay
Finds the fair vision vanish'd all away.

To Mammon's slaves true wisdom is denied,
Doom'd still to try what *must in vain* be tried:
Too late they find their tyrant's foul control
Has tainted all the well-springs of the soul,
That those pure joys which us'd of old to bless,
Reproach them now, and deepen their distress:
Life now, alas! a scene of hopeless woes,
Its shadows deep'ning, dark'ning to its close.

Of modest, lowly heart, thou lov'st to dwell
With those who, as they humbly live, live well,
Who cheerful labour on through all their days,
Content though all they do receives no praise,
Them, heav'n-defended, nothing can appal,
Heav'n-blest, they feel but good *can* them befall:
E'en when misfortune's keenest blasts assail,
When sickness, pain, and poverty prevail,
When those who once were proud the man to greet,
With eye averted pass him on the street—
E'en though his ever hospitable door
(Oh! how they loved to enter it before!)
Is all neglected now, and visited no more.—
But to this lonely home thy steps draw near—
(They, like sweet music, thrill his list'ning ear),
Joyful he feels that thou by Heav'n art sent
To bless him, not with wealth, but with content—
And that though poor his lot, that lot is blest,
Heav'n has assign'd it, and it must be *best*—
Thy soothing tones all wasting cares beguile,
While glows his pallid face with sunny smile.

Oft have I wistful seen from week to week
Fade the fair form, and blanch the rosy cheek,
The hectic flush, quick pulse, and lab'ring breath,
The grim, sad, spectral messengers of death,—
Whilst thou, O Cheerfulness! unfailing friend,
Angel of love, hast bless'd e'en to the end:
Fair child of heavenly hope, thy dawning day
Makes night spread out her wings and bear away,
Thy glist'ning beams e'en "death's dark vale" illume,
And linger like a smile around the tomb.

Part Third.

"Satis beatus unicis Sabinis."

Hor. ii. *Odes*, xviii. 14.

Oft at the close of day, when silence reigns,
And twilight's deep'ning shades invest the plains,
While gradual fades each object from the sight,
As the grey gloamin' darkens into night,
Mem'ry withdraws the veil that intervenes
Between the present and the former scenes:—
Then myriad visions of the past arise,
And bright'ning gleam before our wond'ring eyes,
Array'd in fairer light than glows in earthly skies:
And, as they lustrous pass before our view,
Look as they look'd of old, yet diff'rent too,
Their aspect more ethereal and sublime,
Rob'd in the lustre of the heav'nly clime.
O Memory!—Life's weary pilgrim's friend,
How oft sweet influence thou delight'st to lend:

When all looks dark and drear, to him unfold
Those scenes and friends that bless'd in days of old,
And while those round him *now* are cold and chill,
Show *they* have pow'r to cheer and bless him still.

Those whom the world forgets when seen no more,
Thou, ne'er forgetful, lab'rest to restore,
Constant of heart, 'tis thine to make them glow
With all those charms that bless'd us long ago,
And make us, half in pleasure, half in pain,
Hold converse with our long-lost friends again.

In pure ethereal light a form appears,
Feeble and bent, as in my childhood's years:
Her thin pale face I see, her lustrous eyes
Full of deep kindly love, serenely wise,
Faintly her cheerful loving voice I hear,
Falling like distant music on mine ear,
As of the olden time she us'd to tell,
In her old kindly way we lov'd so well:
Instinct with fine vitality, her mind
Was rich in elements of varied kind—
Grave, gay, pathetic, hum'rous, and refin'd.

Of godly parents born, her early youth
Enjoy'd the sunny light of heav'nly truth,
Light which the soul refines, the heart which cheers,
All life illumes, but most its latest years.

Oft would she gaze on us with looks of love,
And fondly praise the happy home above,
Fain that the peace should by our hearts be known,
Which, as the dew of heav'n, refresh'd her own.

In light of life's young dawn her form I see,
As when a child I sat upon her knee,
Charm'd with her kindly tones, her sunny glee.

Frail was her form, her head in weakness bent,
And oft, by racking asthma's heavings rent,
Prostrate she sunk—but when their tumult pass'd,
Her spirit rose, unconquer'd by the blast:
No pain could long that happy spirit shroud,
(The sun burst gleaming from behind the cloud),
While the glad love that warm'd her genial soul
Soon sway'd o'er ours its sweet benign control:
Not long could sorrow's sigh, or anger's frown,
Live 'neath the sunny smile of *Jeanie Brown:*

Life thus from year to year, from day to day,
Fainter and fainter grew, in slow decay,
Till the *last* came—and then she pass'd away.
Triumphant was the close—a neighbour dear
Was sent to see her, as the end was near:
In majesty she lay,—a conqu'ror now!
Heaven's glist'ring wreath of vict'ry round her brow,
All suff'ring past, all fear, all darkness gone,
Chas'd by the beams from Heaven's eternal throne:
Serene, she bade farewell to Earth and Time,
Then with a lustrous look that gleam'd sublime,
"On hov'ring wings I wait, to take my flight
To glory—to the land of Love and Light."
So pass'd that cheerful, loving one away
To the bright, happy realms of endless day—
Her glad release inspir'd both joy and pain,
Sad for our loss, but happy for her gain,
We seem'd to trace her flight with anxious gaze,
Till her form vanish'd, 'mid the sapphire blaze:—

So gaz'd Elisha on Elijah's flight,
While car and steeds of fire gleam'd up the height,
Till, 'mid Heaven's dazzling beams, they faded from
the sight.

Another scene of early days appears,
Shining afar through long-receding years—
(Mem'ry around it throws her kindliest beam),
Where *Wansbeck* pours his sweetly-murm'ring
stream,
'Mid silent scenes, where down the marshy vale
The wheeling curlew screams her plaintive wail,
Where cattle peaceful graze the flow'ry sward,
While from the distant upland scene is heard
Faintly the bleat of sheep, the brawling rill,
The active collie's bark far up the hill,
The ring-dove's soothing note, the cuckoo's cry,
The blackbird's music sweetly warbling nigh:—
Amid these scenes, long since, there us'd to dwell
A man to mem'ry dear, old *Walter Bell*:—
Of simple manners, heart and temper mild,
Affections warm, and guileless as a child,

Cheerfully humble, joyfully content
That life in calm obscurity be spent,
He lost to fame, but not to honours lost,
Was call'd by Heav'n to earth's most honour'd post,
(One seraphs would delight in), to proclaim
Salvation thro' the *One* beloved name.

His humble dwelling rose amid the wild,
Where all around a lovely garden smil'd—
An ancient elm wide gnarlèd branches spread,
And round the manse diffus'd a grateful shade,
Large rowan-trees rose dazzling to the view,
And in wide circuit scarlet radiance threw,
While clumps of bour-trees robed in glossy green,
With crowns of purple berries grac'd the scene—
Flow'rs of gay tints and perfumes rich were here,
Glad insects' tiny music sooth'd the ear,
Laden with odours which the heart regale,
The fragrant wind came sighing down the vale,
While the clear streamlet, thro' the livelong day
In dream-like prattlings wimpled on its way.

Amid these scenes remote, for many a year,
This good man liv'd, to all the district dear,

To mis'ry ever prompt to bring relief,
For deeply griev'd was he at others' grief,
The needy on his aid could safe depend,
The friendless ever found in him a friend,
'Twas his to foster friendships, banish strife,
And happy sunshine shed o'er humble life.

Oft 'neath the rafters of the homely shed,
Where the worn cottar press'd his dying bed,
Where fell disease, and poverty and pain,
Love anxious sought to succour, but in vain,
Was found the holy man, who yearning strove
To lead the suff'rers to th' Incarnate Love,
That when the wasted body sank to rest,
The soul might wing its way to th' mansions of the blest.

Well known to all the tribes of wand'ring poor
The Pastor's ever hospitable door,
All felt in him all varied graces shine,
Friend, lawyer, banker, doctor, and divine,
To them his time, his strength, his *all* he gave,
With heart aye cheerful, bountiful and brave:—
Far more for others than for self he cared,
With them his joys, with them their griefs he shared,

And ever bright or sombre was his lot,
As they felt happiness or felt it not.

On Sabbath morn, from brief but sweet repose,
At early dawn the pious pastor rose,
Then, strong in conscious weakness, he implored
With loving faith the blessing of the Lord,
That, without which, their labours to sustain,
Paul and Apollos would have preach'd in vain.

His pray'r was heard—from many a distant home,
Joyful his wide-spread flock expectant come,
Most pleasant to the sight, a comely race,
Strength in each form, health's beauty in each face,
Deck'd in their best, behold the rural crowd!
Of whom the proudest country might be proud.

Around the house of pray'r in groups they stand,
Each grasps the other warmly by the hand,
And of his welfare asks 'mid greeting kind—
Blest scene of loving heart and simple mind!

But now, from out the manse, with serious air,
The pastor enters grave the house of pray'r,
The people follow, solemnis'd and calm,
Anon ascends the lofty-sounding psalm,

With souls aglow their simple notes they raise,
And utter forth their Maker-Saviour's praise.
Next, from pure hearts, their contrite pray'r ascends
Up to the throne of God, who gracious lends
Attentive ear, nay, hears the mourners' groan,
E'en 'mid the songs that sound around the throne.
And now, the pastor pours forth rich discourse—
(His holy deeds his holy words enforce)
With yearning heart, rapt soul, and tear-dimm'd eyes,
He stands, the man of God, the herald of the skies!
Thus pass'd his life—yes—in that moorland wild,
God number'd many a lowly ransom'd child,
Saw many an altar 'mid the desert rear'd,
By men esteem'd not, but to *Him* endear'd,
Whence at calm eve, and on the morning air,
Rose the sweet psalm and breath'd the lowly pray'r.
E'en now, methinks, some in the home above
Regard their earthly home with joyful love:
In the bright world of ever-deep'ning bliss,
Grateful recall the joys they felt in this,
Love the wild moors where *Wansbeck's* waters roll,
As holy ground, the birthplace of their soul!

Far in the distant past, yet shining clear,
I see those days of boyhood once so dear,
When with glad steps I pac'd the marshy dell,
To spend the day with him I lov'd so well.

I see him still, blithe, good, affectionate,
As with kind glance he met me at his gate,
And warmly led me in—my heart the while
Thrill'd with his kindly words and kindlier smile.
Oh! dearer far to me that humble hearth
Than all the gorgeous palaces of earth,
Here holy thoughts with genial kindness blend,
Th' unconscious *teacher* but the humble *friend*,
Where wisdom's words seem'd only to caress,
And though but meant to *please* remain'd to *bless*.

With cheerful happy converse pass'd the day,
Fled all too fast its wingèd hours away,
His holy-human words refresh'd my soul,
Peace o'er my heart like summer twilight stole,
And as across the moor my steps did bend,
Glad, I bless'd Heav'n that gave me such a friend.

Far up the vale of Time I seem to hear
His cheerful tones faint falling on the ear,

While thro' its shining misty light I see
His homely features bright with holy glee.
Dear scenes immortal! proof 'gainst all decline,
While life, and heart, and memory are mine.

Near where huge *Bamb'rough's* fortress rises steep,
And casts its giant shadow o'er the deep,
In former days dwelt one who yet appears
Bright through the vista of departed years,
One from our love who never can depart,
Enshrin'd immortal in our inmost heart:
Nature and grace in her their charms combin'd,
This beauty gave, and beauty *that* refin'd.
I see her now as in Life's early morn—
(To all that gains and keeps th' affections born),
Her gracious looks the heart's true homage win,
Sign of the gracious soul that dwelt within.
Too soon, alas! as steals the twilight gray,
Appear'd the falling shadows of decay,
Faded her feeble strength from day to day.
Her, years of weakness could not make repine,
Her soul refin'd they did but more refine,

Nor e'en when weakness quicken'd into pain
Was known that gentle spirit to complain:
Nay, those who mourn'd her pains she strove to cheer,
And from Affection's eyelids wipe the tear,
Her pangs from theirs a double pain receiv'd,
And grief twice griev'd her when her lov'd ones griev'd:
Yes, from her heart *their* sorrow wrung the moan
Which none e'er heard her utter for *her own.*

The bliss that fill'd her heart thro' heavenly grace
Gave more than earthly beauty to her face,
Her sunny looks of cheerful, happy love,
Seem'd to reveal the looks of those above,
While, from the home on high the light came down
And glow'd around her temples like a crown.

So pass'd her life—while each succeeding year
She felt more fully that her home was near;
And oh! the peace within, the sweet repose,
Which long had bless'd her life twice bless'd its close,
And her meek spirit, e'en ere life was run,
Already felt the peace of Heav'n begun.

Her mem'ry glows with tints that cannot die—
Fair as the light that lingers in the sky
At summer's eve, when the bright orb of day
Beyond the western wave has sunk away.

O Cheerfulness! 'tis thine thy fame to find,
Not 'mong the rich and nobles of mankind,
And oft thy kindliest, sunniest beams arise
To bless the humble whom the great despise;
Unlike the world, 'tis aye thy godlike boast
First to bless those who need thy blessing
most:
On those the heartless turn from in their woe,
Thy choicest gifts thou hasten'st to bestow,
Thou lov'st the pangs of sorrow to beguile,
And clothe the face of sadness with a smile.

Where fair Northumbria, near her western side,
By *Wansbeck's* waters shines in sylvan pride,
Sweet *Bolam* rose, 'mid scenes of rural rest,
Which mem'ry's tints with Eden-charms invest:—
And though the scene thus lovely rise to view,
The picture's not more beautiful than true,

For here shone Nature in her fairest dyes,
And lovelier *was* than fancy can *devise.*

Ah me! these scenes keen thrill my swelling heart,
And as I gaze th' unconscious tear-drops start,
For those whose charms once bless'd the lovely scene
Have pass'd away as if they ne'er had been,
Still blooms the landscape as it bloom'd before,
But *they* have gone—and will return no more!

In mystic light I see the vision still:—
The old gray church that crown'd the long green hill,
The old churchyard's innumerable graves,
O'er which the long dark grass luxuriant waves,
The tomb-stones rude, in uncouth types that show
The name and years of those who sleep below,
The homely rhymes by which fond love is fain
Those names to rescue from oblivion's reign,
The lofty elms that line the old churchyard,
'Mong which the wind's low whisp'ring sigh is heard,
Rock'd in their rugged nest, high overhead
The crows loud croak, as if they mourn'd the dead;
Deep from the neighb'ring grove the cushats' wail
In mournful notes comes sighing on the gale,

The distant watch-dog's bark, the cattle's low,
The streamlet's voice that sings with gurgling flow,
The parsonage half-hid in sylvan shade,
Where saintly *Meggison* long liv'd and prayed,
The peaceful dwellings of the humble poor,
The rose and woodbine glowing round their door:
All, all rise lustrous, as entranc'd I gaze,
Fair as I saw them in my boyish days.

Amid these lovely scenes of rural joy,
Long, long ago, there dwelt a *pauper boy*,
Whose woful looks awoke the pensive sigh,
For mind and body both were far awry:
Hard were the heart that pitied not his fate,
For she who bore him scowl'd on him with hate
E'en from his birth—and when a babe he lay
In his poor squalid crib, she curs'd the day
When first he saw the light—and wish'd him dead,
Heaping unnat'ral curses on his head.

His childhood one dark moonless night of grief
Till the good Pastor came to his relief,
Plac'd him with one of kind and simple heart,
Who cheerful did to him the *mother's* part,

And soon that gentle, loving nature won,
He lov'd her with the feelings of a *son*,
With meek affection sought her toils to ease,
His keenest, proudest pleasure her to please.

Methinks I see him as in former days—
His blended look of kindness and amaze!
Of voice melodious, manners warmly mild,
In years a youth, in intellect a child,
Of humble heart, he knew not to presume,
Ever well-pleas'd to take "the lowest room;"
Large wond'ring eyes, where faint shone reason's ray
(Like a fair landscape robed in gloamin' gray),
But there we oft saw mystic gleams appear,
As if he raptur'd gaz'd on heav'nly visions near.

I see him now, as by the churchyard gate,
With looks all radiant, innocent, elate,
Fragments of ancient hymns he would rehearse,
His soul stirr'd by the music of the verse,
With holy joy his eyes shone up the while,
His face bright-beaming with a heav'nly smile.

To him the loving Father had denied
Vigour of mind, too oft vain reason's pride,

But happier, higher gift to him He gave,
Light to the home of bliss beyond the grave.
How oft, O Cheerfulness! thy pow'r is shown
In blessing those on earth but little known,
'Tis thine, disease and sorrow to relieve,
And make the grievèd spirit cease to grieve;
But ne'er did'st thou more gen'rous blessing give
Than when thou mad'st thy loving light to live
In poor *Joe Hardwick's* dim bewilder'd mind;—
Then, as the light from angels' wings it shin'd,
For from no source but Heav'n could flow such joy
As fill'd the lowly heart of the poor pauper boy.

'Tis easy to be cheerful, even gay,
When health around us pours her blithesome ray,
When all we meet with is but varied bliss,
And life one bright, magnificent success,
When happy sunbeams all our path illume,
Birds pour their notes, flow'rs shed their rich perfume,
Rise all delights of sight, smell, taste, and sound,
And universal nature smiles around.

But diff'rent far when ev'ry joy grows dim,
When all we meet frowns desolate and grim,
Health, with faint smile departing, sighs adieu,
And wan disease and want arise to view,
Pain strikes the nerves, pale grief consumes the heart,
And the grim spectre shakes his shadowy dart.

'Tis then, when gath'ring clouds and darkness low'r,
Thou show'st, O Cheerfulness! thy magic pow'r,
'Tis here thou can'st thy brightest trophies win,
'Mid outward gloom make light to shine within,
Disperse the darkness, bright'ning all the air,
And pluck the quiv'ring victim from despair,
Cheer the lone heart, and paralyse the pain,
Spread peaceful joy, and bless the soul again.

Of such an one as this I gladly tell,
For such an one, long since, I knew full well:
She on her sickbed many a year had lain,
Now worn with weakness, now oppress'd with pain,
But angels round that lowly couch attend,
And o'er the agèd saint admiring bend,
Here see what Heav'n itself can never show,
Love utt'ring praise *amid*, nay *for* her woe.

Serenely glad, forgotten all her pains,
Her couch a throne, where as a queen she reigns—
Long years have fled since, in my youthful prime,
I for the first time view'd this scene sublime,
Gaz'd on her wasted countenance which glow'd
With Heavn's own light, while from her lips there flow'd
Glad words of holy wisdom, peace, and love,
The language of "the better land" above.

Methought, as this fair vision I survey'd,
And watch'd, amaz'd, the lustrous smile that play'd
O'er her pale wasted face—oh! were it mine,
This or a *crown* to choose, I would decline
Earth's fading toy, and claim the prize divine.

In Scotland's *Merse* the scene—the hamlet's name
In shadow lies, unknown to earthly fame—
But more than fame to *Edington* is given,
For here dwell'd *Gilmore* ere she fled to Heav'n:
There wasting weakness, poverty, and pain,
From year to year assail'd her, but in vain:
Weakness was weak 'gainst her, and but reveal'd
For her support Omnipotence conceal'd;

And ever, 'mid afflictions darkest frown,
Hope held aloft the lustrous heav'nly crown,
Pain lost all pow'r her spirit to annoy,
For Faith made future glory present joy.
Yes, though her cot was mean, she weak and poor,
Though few but peasants cross'd her humble door,
In angels' view with glory bright it shone,
Home of the heir to a celestial throne;
They—'mid earth's gayest homes oft forc'd to sigh—
Felt *this* recall their home beyond the sky.

'Tis sweet to gaze at dawn of summer day
On sunlit hills bright shining far away,
Array'd in dazzling green, all glist'ning clear,
And though far distant, seeming as if near:
Sweet too it is, with eye undimm'd to gaze
On the bright visions of our early days,
As they at mem'ry's voice ethereal rise,
Rob'd in the light that paints Life's morning skies:—
A vision such as this I see afar,
Serene, pure, glitt'ring, like the ev'ning star,

A vision fair as fancy ever drew,
As Eden was to *Adam's* wond'ring view.
Near Scotland's southern bound (to mem'ry dear),
Where o'er their pebbly bed *Tweed's* waters clear
Murmur sweet music as they glide along
'Mid sylvan scenes all tremulous with song,
In the far past there stood a peasant's cot,
Where once I saw what ne'er can be forgot:—
There on a lowly couch, in weakness lay
A wasted form, but lovely in decay;
That couch of pain to her a bed of rest,
Her body suff'ring, but her spirit blest;
Affliction had her nature so refin'd
She was not conscious that she was resign'd;
Bless'd God for all the ills that her befell,
Her heart's lov'd motto "He doth all things well."
Her filial love her suff'rings more than cured,
And pleasant made what few could have endur'd;—
Pain but the pressure of her Father's hand,
Leading her onwards to "the better land."
In her dark eyes a heav'nly pathos lay,
Her accents faint, but full of melody,

Ravish'd our ears—o'er all our senses stole—
And, like celestial music, thrill'd the soul.
Though all around ten thousand beauties rise,
Fair as the blooming scenes of Paradise,
All, all those charms were hidden from her sight,
Close pris'ner to her couch by day and night!
We heard her grateful tell how weeks before,
One summer day she by her cottage door
For one short hour had sat and view'd the scene—
Heav'n's lustrous azure, earth's resplendent green—
Saw the bright wonders rise in dazzling throng,
Her soul entranc'd and ravish'd with the song
Of birds innum'rous, while the summer breeze
In soothing tones low sang among the trees:
Flow'rs of all tints shed incense on the day,
The gladden'd bees went humming on their way,
The butterflies of ever-varying hue
From flow'r to flow'r in silent rapture flew,
While insects, dazzling in the summer rays,
All thro' the day glad danc'd in motley maze.
Twinkled the aspen's leaves that never rest,
(As if or fear or ague filled its breast),

The silv'ry birch gay shook her tresses fair
Which sparkling danc'd, kiss'd by the balmy air,
Bright the laburnum gleam'd in yellow sheen,
And flung a golden lustre o'er the scene,
While the gay hawthorn, fair in snowy bloom,
Breath'd on th' enamour'd air its sweet perfume:
Adown the wooded dell the winding stream
Glided sweet murm'ring—(now in sunny gleam,
Now lost in sylvan shade), as in a pleasing dream.
That day was bliss, her Father in His love
Gave her in foretaste of the bliss above,
Its mem'ry shone unfading, day of days!
Filling her heart with love, her tongue with praise.
She could not quit the theme—her heart
o'erflow'd
With love to God for what He had bestow'd;
Of this she spake again and yet again,
It thrill'd her heart like music's sweet refrain;
And, as we gaz'd, both pain and pleasure mov'd,
Her grateful spirit pleas'd us, but reprov'd,
Humbled we felt how faint *our* love had shone
Compar'd with *hers* for all that Heav'n had done;

Learn'd that the rich may oftentimes possess
Far less than those who have received less,
And that, in truth, the most belongs to those
Who take most gratefully what Heav'n bestows:
The gift though small, the heart refreshes more,
Than all the gifts that swell th' unthankful's store:
Yes, like the loaves and fishes it expands,
Bless'd, as they were, by Christ's creating hands.

Tell me not aught of earthly pomp and pow'r,
These pale before the glories of that hour:
There weakness strength became, and sickness health,
This child of poverty was bless'd with wealth
Beyond Earth's richest gems—that faded face
(More beautiful than Earth's most boasted grace)
Glow'd lustrous, her dark pensive eyes the while
Beam'd forth serene the heavenly victor's smile.
Yes, there she prostrate lies, poor, helpless, weak,
But th' light of Heav'n's dawn is on her cheek,
Disease and grief assail her, but in vain,
Nay death himself's unsting'd, and cannot pain,
Fear faint invokes his spectres of the night,
They come—but come as ministers of light:

To bless her all in Heav'n and Earth combine,
For her Redeemer-God says "she is mine."

Another form, O Cheerfulness! appears—
Seen through the misty light of vanish'd years,—
But lo! she's none of thine, all bath'd in tears?
She is, she is, though oft with torture riven,
She trod with bleeding feet the way to Heaven,
And oft, so deep the gloom, the light could shine
But faintly, yet the blessèd light was thine.
In Scotland's Merse her humble dwelling rose,
Where *Whittadder* with tinkling murmur flows
'Tween lofty banks, whose hanging, waving woods
Their voice soft mingled with the wimpling floods.
'Twas her sad lot t' endure five mournful years
Pains seldom felt e'en in this "vale of tears":—
A grim disease 'gan gnawing at her brain,
Leading dark troops of sorrows in its train:
All cures ingenious friendship could suggest
Were tried—and each, till tried, appear'd the best,
Hope whisper'd "this" and "this" will pain allay,
But each in turn pass'd helplessly away.

Life was to her a night, long, dark, and drear,
No moon, no twinkling star, the gloom to cheer,
But sorrow still maintain'd its mournful reign,
Her sole relief variety of pain.

Meekly she bore it all—but sobs and sighs
Heav'd irrepressible, while from her eyes
Tears not to be restrain'd were seen to flow,
Wrung from a heart that quiver'd in its woe:
Wasted with pain, yet loving all the while,
Kindly she bless'd us with a cheerful smile.

Oft thro' the whirling storm she'd faint descry
The dazzling portals of her home on high,
Could sometimes, e'en amid her wasting pains,
Catch the sweet echoes of the heav'nly strains,
And joyful feel that she would join ere long
Th' ecstatic anthems of the ransom'd throng.

'Mid the pale ghastly train, the woes of time,
Patience ne'er won a triumph more sublime,
Nor e'er did cheerfulness more glory gain
Than when her light illum'd that couch of pain;
Faith, pois'd on dazzling wings (with looks of love),
Pointed her finger to the home above;

Hope quick aside earth's shadowy curtain drew,
And Heav'n unveil'd to the poor suff'rer's view;
While *Love* array'd her in a robe of light,
And brac'd her spirit for the heav'nward flight.
O friend! *now* well thou know'st *why* all thy woe,
Thy years of weary suff'ring here below:
Nay more—thou see'st each pang that forc'd thy moan
Was sent by *Him* with blessings all its own,
That each rough billow, with a friendly hand,
Charg'd with thy loving Saviour's blest command,
Wafted thee nearer to "the better land."
And now farewell—and oh! may *we* possess
The grace that led *thee* to the home of bliss;
That 'mid our days of weakness and of pain
The love that thee sustain'd may us sustain;
That when our faith grows faint, and would decline,
It may be strengthen'd by rememb'ring thine;
And that at last, life's toils and sorrows o'er,
We may rejoin thee on that blissful shore,
Where toils and sorrows shall be felt no more.

'Tis long since her meek spirit pass'd away—
But while my heart and mem'ry hold their sway,
They'll cherish *Inglis'* name till life's remotest day.

When the mind's harass'd with the cares of life,
The bustling throng, the tumult, and the strife,
Wistful we turn to scenes of rural rest,
And feel that to be *there* is to be *blest:*
Then skies, green fields, woods, hills, and streams combine,
And round our hearts their mingled charms entwine,
While to our ravish'd ear and raptur'd view,
Glad warblers sing, bloom flow'rs of ev'ry hue;
Then olden scenes the dear old days recall,
And dear old friends too, best belov'd of all.
Releas'd from toil we joyous haste away,
To join the comrades of life's early day;
Here troop the social joys in lustrous line,
And bless as in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."
Here friends we meet, whom as we fondly view,
Such joy we feel we scarce can think it true;

Here, blest with those e'en more than ever dear,
The heart enjoys the Sabbath of the year.——

Where the broad *Lammermoors* in purple glow
Swell from the fertile plains that smile below,
Stretch far their silent realms from east to west,
And woo the gazer's eye and heart to rest:
Hard by, half-hidden by a straggling wood,
Mount-Pleasant's hospitable mansion stood;
Gladly its blissful joys our hearts retain,
While grateful mem'ry makes them bless again.

Fain would the muse in worthy strains unfold
Mount-Pleasant's charms that bless'd in days of old,
But fears that here her choicest words are poor,
And the theme less illumine than obscure;
Yet love-constrained, she feels 'twould pain her less
Not to succeed than not t' attempt success.

Dear scenes of friendship! pure without alloy,
Where all our converse was but varied joy,
Where life not only gladden'd but refin'd,
And while it thrill'd the heart, illum'd the mind:

Here learning lov'd t' unfold her stores sublime,
The priceless, garner'd wisdom of all time,
Here Art, with lib'ral hand her charms bestow'd,
And round the walls in scenic beauty glow'd,
While the fire brightly burn'd with cheerful noise,
And lent its smile to bless the ev'ning's joys.

Oft as our hearts would fain these scenes renew,
They from the past come crowding on our view,
Pleas'd the old days and comrades we restore,
With all the winsome charms we lov'd of yore,
Nor *pleas'd* alone but *bless'd* we these recall,
Where each all lov'd and was belov'd by all.

Here oft of old the keenest wit was found,
Here humour jok'd, and laughter rang around,
Here, too, the tale to soften or to cheer,
Spread the glad smile or quick distill'd the tear,
While oft the ballad's pleasing music rose,
Greeted with ringing plaudits at the close.

Belov'd *Mount-Pleasant!* blest thy calm retreat,
Here those we lov'd, each autumn wont to meet;
Home of heart-liberty and social ease,
Where each one tried, nor tried in vain, to please,

And felt that deepest joy by him is known
Who strives for other's joy and not his own.
And first our host! But how shall I describe
That ruling spirit of the friendly tribe?
(Fain would I give, but dare not give, his name,
For though he fame deserved, he shrank from fame.)
In him all virtues of the heart and mind,
Each singly great, harmoniously combin'd;
Bliss to diffuse, with glad success he strove,
Fir'd by unselfishly ingenious love;
A love that daily new delights designed,
Yet all-unconscious was that it was kind,
Ne'er thought of self, but thought of all beside,
Glad when for us he gladness could provide;
And while diffusing ever-varying good,
Making it seem as trifling as he could:—
His vig'rous soul, by varied lore improv'd,
Was yet so humble it no envy mov'd,
Unconscious of his pow'r he never tried
To gain the homage none would have denied:
By each of us that pow'r was gladly known,
Nor griev'd we that 'twas greater than our own:

His kindly worth our hearts had so inflam'd,
They gladly gave th' applause he never claim'd.
Methinks I see him, 'mid the social scene,
When glad he saw us round his board convene,
His looks pure hospitality expressed,
And each one felt 'twas good to be his guest;
Joy *taught* as well as *pleas'd*, for each desir'd
To *be* like him we lovingly *admir'd*.
'Twas here those friends we met from year to year,
Whom to know better was to feel more dear,
Whose mind, though they vast knowledge could impart,
Less mov'd us than the virtues of the heart:
Of them I speak not, though they well might claim
To fame a title, could I give them fame.
Of one, and one alone, I here will tell,
Who o'er us cast of old his loving spell:—
A man of wit, of humour, and of worth,
Shrewd with the shrewdness of his native north,
A sound divine, high-honour'd to unfold
Heaven's love to man—affectionately bold—

A tender pastor, who kind visits paid
To bless the couch where pain and want were laid:
Familiar with the poorest, void of pride,
To want, relief—to ignorance a guide,—
The praise of man was nought in his regard,
His Master's smile his only sought reward.

Stern foe to all but what was true and real,
Often he strove his virtues to conceal:
'Twas half through hate of shams, and half through pride,
That what most love to show he lov'd to hide;
And while such *are* less virtuous than they *seem*,
Too oft he practis'd the reverse extreme;
Treating with seeming lightness, insincere,
Themes which his inmost nature held most dear.

In him rich genial humour reign'd supreme,
And play'd with cheerful rays round ev'ry theme;
Mirth's self possess'd him, oft beyond control,
And wild tumultuous fun convuls'd his soul;
Yet, quaintly grave, his aspect all the while
Would nought develop save a stinted smile,
While—helpless 'neath his humour, old and young—
Our shrieks of merry laughter pealing rung.

Well was *Mount-Pleasant* known, both far and near,
For kindly welcome and for bounteous cheer,
And many a weary wand'rer, glad to come,
Found there an ever-hospitable home,
Our kindly host, ne'er deaf to sorrow's call
(While loving friends the most, yet loving *all*),
Felt, in his blessing others, doubly blest,
That what he gave away he twice possess'd.

'Twas his, with friendly insight to discern
The latent worth that most were slow to learn,
Warm with his kindly love the humble wight,
And drag his struggling merit into light:—
Such in detail 'twere hopeless to recall,
Suffice that those who follow serve for all.

Oft to *Mount-Pleasant*, in the olden day,
A well-known ancient form was seen to stray:—
In *Earlston* born—a weaver to his trade,—
He round the country sold the wares he made,
Then home, but only for a transient stay,
There he soon tir'd, and long'd to get away,
And soon to's love of wand'ring gave the rein,
Pack'd up his webs, and took the road again.

But, though the pedlar trudg'd the country
round,
'Twas not in ginghams his delight was found,
Them he *endur'd* because they brought him bread,
But books possess'd him wholly, heart and head.

And most on ancient, weird-like volumes bent,
He carried them about where'er he went,
While oft the wond'ring traveller espied
The old man reading by the highway side:—
Lost in his theme, and rooted to the spot,
E'en wintry blasts and rains he heeded not,
Blasts, rains, and ginghams too, alike forgot.

Charm'd above all with antiquarian lore,
He'd o'er its musty tomes enamour'd pore,
And raptur'd priz'd, as intellectual gold,
Facts whose sole merit was that they were old.

Little to commerce—much to lore inclin'd—
Lover of books—idolater of *mind*—
He for weak souls no toleration felt,
And hated mental weakness more than guilt:
Harshly condemn'd all those he disapprov'd,
And boist'rously applauded those he lov'd,

While gleam'd his eyes with fierce defiant leer,
A weird-like sight, yet comically queer,
And 'mid his noisy zeal and blust'ring sound
A cheerful mirth diffus'd itself around.

Another form now rises on the view,
Whom in *Mount-Pleasant* long ago we knew:—
And hark! a sweet melodious sound I hear—
M'Leish's fiddle warbles in mine ear:
His was the gift of music's richest vein,
(Apollo's self might emulate his strain),
More nature's magic than the pow'r of art,
Not pleased the ear alone, but won the heart.
Oft in *Mount-Pleasant*, in the ev'ning hour,
Entranc'd we felt the minstrel's magic pow'r,
Whether in wingèd tones, wild, stirring, gay,
Inspir'd he play'd reel, hornpipe, or strathspey,
Or made the song in melting pathos roll,
And lull to blissful rest th' enchanted soul.

Thus in Mount-Pleasant's sweetly peaceful bow'rs,
'Mid varied blessings, pass'd the social hours,
Fragrant their mem'ry, and can yet impart
Much of the joy that then refresh'd the heart.

Still, as these sunny scenes we fond recall,
Blent with their light, Thought's pensive shadows fall,
For though glad days and pleasing scenes remain,
Those days and scenes will ne'er come back again.

Part Fourth.

"O præclarum diem cum ad illud divinum animorum concilium coetumque proficiscor cumque ex hoc turba et colluvione discedam." CICERO, *De Senectute*, c. xxiii.

HARK! to th' impassion'd song that mem'ry pours,
As up Time's vale, with outspread wings, she soars,
She, with bright kindling eye, the past surveys,
And robes in light the scenes of former days,
Makes the past brighter than the present seem,
(As scenes shine brightest in the ev'ning beam):—
Pensive her strains, as those her eyes survey
Who were too fit for Heav'n on earth to stay;
And e'en when gay the former scene appears,
Her smiles not seldom glisten thro' her tears,
For while she loves their *image* to restore,
Half-sad she feels that *they* are here no more.

Lo! Scotland's beauteous *Merse* enchants my eyes,
Where in calm loveliness fair *Foulden* lies:—

Dear scene of varied as of countless charms,
Fair woods embrace thee with their shelt'ring arms,
Nature round thee her gayest mantle flings,
While with her purest melody she sings;
With myriad flow'rs adorns the dewy ground,
And bids their blended fragrance breathe around:
Yes, earth thro' her wide realms few spots can show
Where more of Eden's charms still ling'ring glow.

Home of my happy youth!—Affection's seat,
My heart fond lingers near thy blest retreat,
And oft in musing mood I pensive mourn
O'er friends long-lost who never can return;
While mem'ry's tones their forms so clear recall,
The heart is fain to let the curtain fall.

Methinks I see thee on thy em'rald mound
Which lofty trees with spreading boughs surround—
Far to the south our ravish'd eyes behold
A cultur'd plain immense its charms unfold—
(No fairer landscape boasts our lovely isle!)
Innum'rous fields as one great garden smile,
Tweed's classic stream meanders thro' the plain,
Gleams the bright grass, and waves the yellow grain:

The lordly hall 'mid wide-spread woods display'd,
The snug farm-house in homelier charms array'd,
The sacred spire, the churchyard, hallowed spot!
The ancient castle, and the poor man's cot,
All these, sweet blent in shadow and in light,
Refresh the heart while they regale the sight,
While, far remote, rise shadowy on the view,
The hoary *Cheviots* robed in misty blue.

Sweet *Foulden!* as on thee I lift mine eyes,
Bright'ning from out the past thy varied scenes arise:—
The modest church in ivy-robes array'd,
Round which in gambols whisp'ring breezes play'd,
High branching elms circling the still churchyard,
Where countless graves upheave the dark-green sward,
The sombre yews, like guardians of the dead,
Cast friendly shadows o'er their lowly bed,
While high in air the crows' tumultuous sound
In plaintive murm'ring music floats around.

Hard by the churchyard wall, in sylvan shade,
The rural manse in mingled charms array'd
(Blest both by art and nature) gleams in view,
'Mid flow'rs of ev'ry scent and ev'ry hue.

Sweet *Foulden !* loveliest of the rural scene,
The trysting-place where all the charms convene,
Thee my fond heart with loving pride surveys,
Blest with the charms that bless'd my early days,
While em'lous art her utmost effort tries,
And to adorn thee e'en with nature vies.

Thy humblest cot has charms around its door,
Flow'rs on the air their blended fragrance pour :
I see thy features as of old displayed—
The joiner's shed where piles of wood were laid,
The dame-school (ivy-clad) whose cheerful din
Told of the youthful scholars rang'd within,
The village-shop and post-office combin'd,
Once dear to all—squire, farmer, cottar, hind ;
The parish-school, whose tumults surging high
Startled the ear of strangers passing by,
While in the dreamy sunshine lay serene
(Soothed by the trees' deep shade) the village green ;
The blacksmith's cot, with gorgeous ivy drest,
By woodbine, rose, and jessamine caress'd,
Smil'd like a bow'r, where e'en 'neath summer's ray
Noon's light shone, shaded, like to twilight gray.

Hark! a deep-heaving booming sound I hear:
'Tis the smith's bellows' voice that fills the ear—
The pond'rous hammer falls with ringing sound,
Stroke upon stroke—wide fly the sparks around—
And, as the deaf'ning, clanking, clamour rings,
In tones stentorian brawny *Vulcan* sings.

Thus pass'd the hours, till at the close of day
The labours ceas'd, began the cheerful play,
Loud rang the laugh amid the rural throng,
The homely joke, the banter, and the song.

In summer eve, upon the village green,
Joyous the youthful villagers are seen,
Stalwart in form, their faces all aglow,
With sturdy arms the pond'rous stone they throw,
Or with lithe sinewy limbs and ardent soul,
In the swift race keen pant towards the goal,
Throw the round quoit, which flies with whistling sound,
Sings thro' the air, and sinks into the ground.

As these exploits the wond'ring urchins view,
Ambition wakes—*they* will be famous too—
Hope's dazzling visions all their souls inspire,
Yes, they'll yet rival those they now admire.

With kindly interest in the sportive scene,
In groups the aged villagers convene,
Tell with fond pride who bore the palm away
For strength and swiftness in *their* early day.

Ah! dear to me those scenes, those days of old,
The heart them guards as miser guards his gold,
And when false friends, or bleak misfortunes pain,
Turns fondly to those scenes and days again;
On them entranc'd we loving glances cast,
And half forget the present in the past,
And as we gaze, our lov'd ones rise to view,
With their old looks so kindly and so true,
Warmly they smile, as smil'd they long before,
Then they were *ours*, but they are ours no more.

Where *Foulden's* waving woods enchant the sight,
And with soft, soothing sound the heart delight,
Where blush the heather-bells in purpling dye,
And golden furze gleams lustrous on the eye,
Where her bright yellow tresses waves the broom,
And rasps and brambles shine in silv'ry bloom,

The songsters of the grove, on flick'ring wing,
Through the glad day their limpid music sing,
While winds soft sigh as through the woods they creep,
Like happy childhood murm'ring in its sleep.—
Deep in this sylvan scene, half-hid from view,
Adorn'd with fragrant shrubs of ev'ry hue,
In former days there stood a woodman's cot
(Mem'ry broods o'er it as a sacred spot),
Where, far remote from din and worldly strife,
Dear old *James Johnston* led his godly life.

A man of worth, of firm but humble mind,
And though a peasant, yet of soul refin'd,
By errors nor beguiling nor beguiled,
Shrewd with plain sense, yet simple as a child,
His mind was bless'd with clear and useful light,
The bliss of those whose heart and life are right.

Of worldly ways and wiles he little knew,
But (better taught) he *felt* his Bible true,
With fervent gaze perus'd its sacred page,
His guide and solace both in youth and age,
Imbib'd the sacred lore its words impart,
Light to the mind, and comfort to the heart,

And felt the *double* bliss those words supply,
Teaching us how to *live* and how to *die*.

Vivid I see the old man rise to view,
Hearty, and hale, erect, and *ninety-two*;
His ruddy cheeks, his broad, clear, sunny brow,
His sparkling eyes, which kindly glances throw,
His merry laugh, his cheerful loving smile,
His kindly tones which ev'ry heart beguile,
All, all bright gleam from out the distant past,
Seem on us still a look of love to cast,
While his kind words e'en yet can peace impart,
And bless us with the Sabbath of the heart.

One day I spied him in the sylvan wild,
Beside his cot round which his garden smil'd,—
The summer-wind scarce breath'd among the trees,
The air all trem'lous with the hum of bees,
While many-tinted flow'rs bloom'd glowing, fair,
Whose mingled fragrance scented all the air;
There, as I pass'd his Eden-like retreat,
I saw him sitting on his rural seat,
Rapt in deep, holy muse—smiling serene—
Glow'd with Heaven's peace his venerable mien;

And as the past rose lustrous on his gaze,
To Heaven he raised his eyes in silent praise—
His face the while with light celestial shone,
He felt *His* presence, felt but *it* alone.

Within his calm and heaven-instructed soul,
Sufficing joy and hope held joint control—
The former made him glad on earth to stay,
To Heaven the latter beckon'd him away;
Assail'd by both in turn, their friendly strife
But bless'd his soul, illum'd the close of life;
Happy with both, by joy of either bless'd,
Content to go or stay as God saw best:
His soul, illum'd and warm'd with light and love,
Felt *here* the bliss the ransomed feel *above*,
For in his *Beulah-home* to him 'twas given
That smile which gives its blessedness to Heaven.

'Tis sad to see how quickly mem'ries fade,
Lost in oblivion's ever-deep'ning shade,
How those, once dear, the fav'rite theme of all,
Few (and but seldom) now their names recall,

While all those charms that bless'd the social
scene
Are now forgot as if they ne'er had been.
In *Foulden* dwelt a man whose name I'd fain
Save for a little from oblivion's reign,
His kindly looks and character survey,
And make them please as in life's early day;
Once more meet him I ever gladly met,
And never parted from without regret;
And with a true and kindly hand unfold
The charms we lov'd in *Robert Scott* of old.
Unique at once in form and face and mind,
No duplicate had he among mankind—
Homely his form, and homelier still his face,
Yet each had charms beyond mere beauty's
grace;
For each clear show'd the wisely kind control
Of a deep loving, but eccentric soul;
A kindly heart mov'd by a curious mind,
Simple yet shrewd, untutor'd yet refin'd,
Which form'd a life the hearts of all approv'd,
To *love* e'en more than *admiration* mov'd.

He, and his sire *Old Peter*, long had been
The fav'rite tailors of the rural scene,
The clothes of peasants, e'en of farmers made,
And round the country drove a roaring trade,
Nay, e'en on some occasions could aspire
To make both coat and breeches for the squire.

Like their own needles, sharp and open-eyed
(In vain with them the neighb'ring tailors vied),
Joyous they found they doubly-favour'd stitched,
Growing not only famous but enriched.

Long ere I knew the Foulden country side
Robert stitched *solus*, for his sire had died;
Of weighty purse, complacently survey'd
With loving looks by many a country maid,
Who, knowing well the largeness of his hoard,
Would each have had the tailor for her lord;
But all in vain each blandishment was tried,
In vain at him the rural damsels sigh'd,
In vain wing'd Cupid shot his ev'ry dart,
Harmless they broken fell around his heart,
Till youth, and love, and hope herself had flown,
And celibacy mark'd him for her own.

I see him now, as oft I've seen before,
When, on the road, I stopp'd before his door,
And with shrill whistle invocation made,
(Ever with kind alacrity obeyed);—
Burst wide the door, and there he stood to view,
Bony and lank, in stature *six feet two*,
Nor shoe nor slipper deck'd his willing feet,
On stocking soles he dash'd into the street,
Me with tumultuous cheerfulness to greet.

His long, lank locks, now grizzled, thin, and bare,
Stream'd on the winter's blast or summer's air,
While long striped paper-measures round him thrown
Were in wild hubbub by the breezes blown,
Pinch'd with the cold, yet struggling all the while,
With pallid lips to form the welc'ming smile.

Grotesque the sight—yet here we surely find
The true politeness of the noble mind;
Politeness, not of fashion or of art,
The graceful homage of the virtuous heart;
This far transcends the smooth and polish'd grin,
Which oft but hides the scorn that lurks within,

Whose kindly words no kindliness express,
But really mock whom they appear to bless,
Shames those who warmly smile, as if sincere,
Then wink the eye, and half reveal the sneer—
Who have so long been used to act a part,
Their art has made them but the dupes of art,
Deceit's just doom their spirit has receiv'd,
Deceiving others, they're themselves deceiv'd.

Yes, while the humble, guileless, loving mind,
Oft shines with wisdom real and refin'd,
Much that the giddy world esteems as wise,
Is, and will prove, but folly in disguise.

But wisdom true in *Robert Scott* was found,
His head was clear, because his heart was sound,
Ever resolv'd to practise what is right,
T' illume his mind his virtue lent her light:
Thus, though he dwelt in rural scenes remote,
And read but little what the wise have wrote,
Few could be found in all the country-side
More fit to be a counsellor or guide.

But, above all, in manners mild he shone—
(These might have grac'd the tenant of a throne),

At once serenely calm, yet warmly kind,
Unform'd by art, unconsciously refin'd;
That for which courtiers strive in ceaseless strife
Nature gave to him when she gave him life;
Glad kindness round him he diffus'd with ease,
To him it ever pleasant was to please,
Unlike the courtier's kindness (wily art!)
His was the gen'rous off'ring of the heart,
Which in kind tones and kindlier glances glow'd,
And show'd the loving fount from which it flow'd.

Deep-mov'd, I see his cheerful welc'ming smile,
Which won the heart, but won it not by guile;
A smile so true, you felt he wish'd your weal,
That tho' intense the welcome, it was real.

I hear his tones, which gently whisp'ring stole
(Breathing mesmeric influence) o'er the soul,
Made the chaf'd spirit's murm'rings instant cease,
Sooth'd ev'ry care, and fill'd the heart with peace:
He view'd each object on its fairest side,
What he could not approve he strove to hide,
The homeliest object could with charms invest,
And others blessing, he himself was blest.

So prone to love what few esteem'd as dear,
'Twas sometimes hard to think he was sincere;
His words caressive would suspicion raise
That he was flatt'ring those he did but praise;
But no—all brighten'd 'neath his sunny view,
And tho' his praise was kindly, it was true;
Soon he expell'd suspicion from the mind,
(For few to honest praise are disinclin'd),
And e'en the humblest smiling left his door
A prouder man than he had been before.
Thus passed his days—remote from worldly strife,
His heart serene—and blest his kindly life—
'Twas his unconscious mission to impart
A glow of cheerful sunshine to the heart,
Fain that by other hearts that peace be known
Which had so long enrich'd and bless'd his own.
Obscure his name—but much shall be forgot
Ere fades the memory of *Robert Scott.*

Nor is the muse content to leave unsung
The ag'd preceptor of the parish young,

But fain would wreathe a garland round his name,
Heir to kind memory, tho' not to fame.

For more than fifty years 'twas his to rule
A noisy empire in the village school:—
Portly of form, of visage large and grim,
The *ruling-pow'r* seem'd bodied forth in him;
That he not needed or to *do* or *say*,
For trembling urchins would his *look* obey,
His small grim eye stern rule the little state,
And awe his subjects like the glance of fate.
Ah no! that face where vengeance seem'd to low'r
Was pow'rless to diffuse a sense of pow'r,
His heavy brows, and lips convuls'd in vain
Strove the uproarious youngsters to restrain,
His loudest, fiercest threat'ning, vainly stern,
They laughing heard with mirthful unconcern;
With leering looks met all his boist'rous strain,
Then straight the thing forbidden did again.
Oft, in wild whirlwind, rose careering noise,
Loud roar'd the master, louder roar'd the boys,

In vain he bawl'd, in vain dispers'd his blows,
Louder, and louder still, the hubbub rose,
Till, speechless with his rage, he tore his hair,
Stamp'd with his feet, and frenzied sought his chair,
And there he sate the image of despair.

His was a timid, shrinking, bashful soul,
Unfit the boist'rous youngsters to control,
And tho' his visage grim pow'r seem'd to wield,
Nature had made his spirit prone to yield,
Had loaded him with *powder*, but forgot
To furnish or the *bullet* or the *shot*.

Down-trodden sore, and woefully befool'd,
The boys he ruled not, but by them was ruled,
Nor he, nor they, could ever understand,
How he should rule, or they obey command.

And yet, 'twas wonderful how much he knew—
Well-versed in English, French, and Latin too;
In ciph'ring, match for *Tinwell* or for *Gray*,
He'd gauge a barrel, or a field survey;
The starry heavens with upturn'd face explore,
And talk profoundly astronomic lore;

Deep mathematic mysteries lay bare,
As if or *Euclid's* self or *Euclid's* heir.

The simple swains his wond'rous lore allow'd,
And tho' it them perplex'd, it made them proud
That one so learn'd, by whom so much was known,
They should have with them, and could call their own;
Yet, tho' his learning fill'd them with amaze,
Simple they saw he was in worldly ways,
Devoid of tact, for barg'ning life unfit,
And far below themselves in mother-wit:—
Blent thus their admiration and neglect,
And wond'ring pity qualified respect.

Various his posts—'twas his t' inspect the poor,
And his to cull the rates from door to door,
His, too, to pay the parish paupers' dole,
And stern keep low the numbers on the roll;
'Twas he who punctual registration made
Of all the born, the married, and the dead;
'Twas his, at church, to pass from pew to pew,
Hold out the box to *all*, but get from *few*,
While, with chagrin, the few grudg'd pence he found
Were scarce enough within the box to sound.

Round the old man's large rugged form entwine
The loving memories of "Auld Lang Syne:"—
The shadowy forms of those now sought in vain
Flit past, but *them* we ne'er shall see again;
And while this vision of the past appears,
With throbbing heart we view it through our tears.

Blithe was the scene when in the days of old
Glad songs were sung, and hum'rous tales were told,
All were well-pleas'd, for each pleas'd play'd his part,
And the glad face reveal'd the cheerful heart;
No envious contest fired their artless breast,
But each one's joy spread joy 'mong all the rest.

Here oft he sat while merry jokes went round,
With stolid look unspeakably profound;
'Mid merriest laughter, comically grim,
All others laughed, but laughter knew not him;
Yet cheerfulness possessed him all the while,
And show'd it's presence by a kindly smile;
But modest like himself half shrank from sight,
Like the dark lantern which conceals its light;
And yet his spacious visage, stiffly grave,
Gave more amusement than the gayest gave:

And when, with gusts of sound, his songs he sung,
With pent-up laughter shook both old and young;
No comic ditty could such fun sustain
As did his grimly amatory strain,
While he (eyes shut), perceivèd not the sound
Of some pent laugh that burst its prison bound;
And the gay throng, when came the final pause,
Their laughter hid 'neath peals of loud applause.

Sometimes, in winter eve, he'd entertain
A favour'd few with tales of spectral strain,
Of scenes where he held colloquy sublime
With those long since dismiss'd from Earth and Time;
Describ'd their looks, their ghostly converse told,
That oft to him the future they'd unroll'd,
His small grim eye keen twinkling all the while—
Glow'd his huge visage with triumphant smile,—
For not alone his *pleasure*, 'twas his *pride*
That *he* had what to others was denied.

Simple his mind, his heart was simple too,
Kindly affectionate and firmly true,
Gentle his spirit, fearful to offend,
And ever prone the friendless to befriend,

Shrinkingly shy, e'en from old friends he'd hide,
(His shyness half humility, half pride),
But not himself alone he hid from view,
His many kindly deeds he hid them too;
Nay, aye so prone to work for others' weal,
He knew not he had virtues to conceal.

Oft in wild winter nights his steps he'd bend
For many a mile, some poor man aid to lend
In filling tax-forms, which th' unhappy elf
Felt as afflictive as the tax itself;
The puzzling schedule fill, then homeward move—
Unconscious 'twas an act of Christian love.

His humble course is run, he's seen no more,
Another teaches where he taught before;
And ne'er again upon the village green
Shall his once well-known form and face be seen;
Nay, soon, alas! his name will be unknown,
And gaunt oblivion claim him as her own.

Where the North Sea, with sparkling em'rald waves,
Scotland's south-eastern border gently laves

In summer's sunshine—or 'mid winter hoar
Hurls them loud-thund'ring to the trembling
shore,
Lies dear *Old Woodburn*—scene of happy rest—
Calm as a bird reposing in its nest;
On all sides round, the rich and varied view
(Fair as a poet's fancy ever knew),
So dear to me Earth's fairest scenes above,
Less moves my admiration than my love.
Fair fields of varied tillage downwards sweep
In graceful undulations to the deep,
A straggling belt of wood creeps down the hill,
'Mid which there sweetly sings a tinkling rill,
While here and there the eye delighted sees
The snug farm-onsteads glinting thro' the trees,
And o'er th' enraptur'd ear harmonious pour
The wind's soft sigh, the waves' low whisp'ring round
the shore.
Our sea-girt isle no nobler scene can boast
Than that which frowns around this rugged coast—
Rises *St. Abbs*, a huge titanic steep,
In mighty mass grim frowning o'er the deep:

From out its rocky front, gleaming afar,
Its beacon-light shines dazzling like a star,
And, while around its base the ocean raves,
Glows like the eye of mercy o'er the waves.
Entrench'd behind huge rocks, I see *Dunbar*—
(Its visage hoar deep-scath'd with marks of war),
Round which oft dashes fierce the angry main,
Hurling its crested billows, but in vain,
Which saw in former days a thrilling sight,
When, 'neath the shadow of its beetling height,
(As o'er the eastern wave the sun arose)
Great *Cromwell* furious swept his Scottish foes
Like whirling dust—and then, sublimely calm,
The conqu'ring host loud rais'd to Heav'n their lofty psalm.
Westward beyond, from out his ocean-bed
The sea-girt *Bass* upheaves his giant head,
While clouds of sea-fowl wheeling rise around,
And fill the trembling air with clanging sound.
Here other sounds were heard in olden days—
From its grim dungeons rose the martyrs' praise

Borne on the winds to Heav'n; and oft their prayer,
Like solemn music, bless'd the ev'ning air:
Here too, alas! was heard their mournful groan
Blending its plaintive voice with ocean's moan.
Their character and fate alike sublime,
Their love to God and man their only crime,
And though through earth a bloody path they trode,
That path shone lustrous with the smile of God.
'Tis to her martyr'd sons that Scotland knows
(And proudly owns) that she her freedom owes:—
And as a mother broods with loving eyes
O'er those she scarce could spare, e'en to the skies,
So Scotland guards her martyr-children's name,
And robes their mem'ry in unfading fame.

Beyond! see *Berwick Law's* bright em'rald steep
In placid beauty gazing o'er the deep,—
While huge *Trapreine* in massive grandeur swells,
Its base gay-girdled round with flow'ry dells.

Westward, still on! now gleams upon the sight
Preston, illum'd by hist'ry's fadeless light,

Where young *Charles Edward* met the craven *Cope*,
And, crown'd with vict'ry, heard the voice of hope
False whisper in his ear, with fatal smile,
That he should reign the monarch of our isle.
Startling with furious yells the dawning day,
Wild rush'd the kilted clansmen to the fray,
While, panic-struck, Cope's soldiers fled away.
But, 'mid the rout confused beyond control,
One man was found of high, heroic soul,
Who scorn'd to flee—but boldly fac'd the foe,
Till cover'd with dread wounds they laid him low—
Proud of his name, his country loves to tell
The spot ('tis sacred) where her *Gardiner* fell.

Far in the distant west, in purpling hue,
The long-ridg'd *Pentlands* rise upon the view;
Hard by, 'mid hills, the fair *Edina* sleeps,
While *Arthur's Seat* his ceaseless vigil keeps,
And like a lion *couchant* frowns above,
Like Pow'r close watching over slumb'ring Love.
Far round *Old Woodburn* beauteous scenes appear,
Some shining far away, some smiling near;

Like to a sea of glass see ocean rest,
Bright with Heaven's tints clear mirror'd in its breast,
While o'er its broad expanse, far-gleaming bright,
Flash the white sails like sea-birds in their flight,
Through the calm deep the steamer panting plies,
While far behind the dusky banner flies.
O'er the blue waters, dim in misty gray,
In placid beauty sleeps the *Isle of May*,
While, still beyond, *Fife* lies in shadowy gleams,
Glimmering as in the mystic light of dreams,
Or that in which, 'neath faith's keen eyes expand
The bright'ning glories of the better land.

Amid these scenes whose magic beauties rise
To bless the sight, *Old Woodburn* peaceful lies;
There no harsh tones the list'ning ear invade,
None, save the pleasing sounds by nature made.
In distant onstead, faintly heard afar,
Rings the cock's crow that sounds the note of war,
Anon 'tis echoed with defiant pride
By all the cocks in all the country-side.

The waggon creaking 'neath its cumbrous load,
The gig's light wheels swift whirling o'er the road,
The click of hoofs that beat the echoing ground,
Till in the distance softly dies the sound;
The lusty team that vig'rous shake their chains,
As they're driv'n onwards by the bawling swains,
While faint is heard the harrows' tinkling sound,
As they swim wriggling thro' the fallow ground;
The whirring muffled boom from distant mill,
The wind soft sighing from the neighb'ring hill,
The low of cattle borne upon the breeze,
The sweetly prattling brook, the whisp'ring trees,
The peasants' song, as glad they homeward go,
The waves' faint murm'ring on the beach below—
All, all, sweet blending, music's charms combine,
And while they soothe the ear the heart refine.

Belov'd *Old Woodburn!* scene of joyful rest—
Thee all the varied rural charms invest—
Belov'd by me thro' many a distant year,
Time but adorns thee, makes thee still more dear;

So many charms are thine, 'tis all in vain
Fond mem'ry tries their numbers to retain,
And at each visit I delighted find
Charms which before had faded from my mind.
Here dwelt a man, of whom I fain would speak,
But find, alas! my strongest words are weak:—
My homely muse plain truthful tale essays,
But finds that to describe him is to praise—
A man so lov'd, by ev'ry heart caress'd,
And most of all by those that knew him best.
Full more than thirty years have fled away
Since fell for him that memorable day,
When from his lithe young limbs all vigour fled,
And left them, for his lifetime, pow'rless, dead;
Fierce, fiery pains within began to burn,
While strength had fled, ah! never to return;
In vain by loving friends all cures were tried,
Each fail'd successive, baffled and defied—
Love ceas'd at last to try, for hope had died.
O Cheerfulness! thy smile has ne'er been seen
Light to diffuse more lasting or serene

Than shone in him, with clear, unfading reign,
Whom cold depression struggled with in vain;
For thirty years a pris'ner to his chair—
A pris'ner! no, he sate a monarch there,
With sunny brow, the conqueror of care;
Enrich'd with pow'rs which might have made his name
The theme of high and far resounding fame,
'Mid life's sequester'd shades he dwelt content,
Nor sigh'd to think his days should thus be spent.
But think not that those days were spent in vain;
No, life to him was one triumphant reign,
His kingly soul diffus'd a willing thrall,
Thron'd in the love and the esteem of all.
His outward form to narrow space confin'd,
But wide the circuit of his master mind,
Knowledge, well-pleas'd, before him spread her store,
For much he lov'd her treasures to explore;
Thought's gleaming realms he view'd with piercing ken,
Born (though he knew it not) a king of men.
And thus from year to year, from day to day,
In his still hamlet-home life pass'd away,

Yet oft admirers would themselves betake,
Visit *Old Woodburn* for its hero's sake,
And in his converse rich instruction find,
Blest with the varied wisdom of his mind.
'Twas his, by priceless letters to impart
The teeming treasures of his head and heart,
Whose words of cheerful wisdom gleaming flow'd,
And, sunlike, genial warmth and light bestow'd.
O Cheerfulness! 'tis thine the task sublime
To soothe the cares and pangs of Earth and Time,
'Tis thine to scatter sorrow's deep'ning gloom
By brighter beams than morning's brow illume;
But purer lustre never didst thou show
Than in that noble heart thou mad'st to glow.
So mournful was his fate, that well might care
Have seized his soul, grim dark'ning to despair,
But beam'd thy smile! Before its witching light
Vanish'd these spectres to their native night,
Nor e'er return'd his spirit to annoy—
His life calm peace oft bright'ning into joy.

Thou wilt in meek humility confess
That here 'twas Heaven that gave thy pow'r to bless,
Help'd both thy love and labour to sustain,
Else love and labour had been spent in vain,
Gave Faith and Hope with views of Heaven to cheer,
And Love t' impart Heaven's blessings even here.
Lo! Earth's deep shades Heaven's light more lovely show
(As darkest cloud most bright reflects the bow),
Kiss'd by Heaven's light, their tints its brow adorn,
As sunlit-clouds more beauteous make the morn.

Thus have I sought, O Cheerfulness! to show
Thy varied gifts to man while here below,
How, 'neath thy smile, want, poverty, and pain
Assail Earth's weary pilgrim but in vain.
O! blest the sight, Life's journey near its close,
To see thy smile diffuse benign repose
O'er the poor toil-worn trav'ller's weary soul,
Keep him from sinking ere he reach the goal,
Nay, him so bless, that he can backward cast
A look of grateful mem'ry o'er the past.

And, as it rises lustrous on his view,
Bath'd in life's morning light and glistening dew,
To see his eyes suffus'd with grateful tears,
As gleams the vision of Life's varied years.

E'en those rough ills that us'd his soul t' annoy
He now beholds with peace, almost with joy,
Like rugged scenes which shock the eye when near,
But, far away, in loveliest tints appear.

Nor blest alone the *past*—he's blessèd *now*,
Joy fills his soul, and beams around his brow;
He takes with grateful heart what God has given,
By rightly using Earth, prepares for Heaven,
Sees children's children bright around him rise,
And seeks to lead them with him to the skies.—
Thus peaceful glides his life towards its close,
While mem'ry back her richest radiance throws,
As the sun best illumes the gleaming west
Ere 'neath the golden waves he sinks to rest.

But brighter beams than *past* or *present* know,
From the unfolding *future* downward flow,
These with Heaven's dawning light refulgent glow.

Happy the man who in life's closing day
(Its cares, its toils, its pains all pass'd away),
Enjoys the luxury of sweet content,
Cheer'd with the mem'ry of a life well spent;
Feels humbly, gladly owns that God alone
Gave all he has, did all that *he* has done;
Whose kindling eye with gratitude surveys
The countless blessings of his bygone days,
Then upward turns to Heaven in speechless praise.

When life draws to its close, when earth and skies
Wax dim and faint before his dark'ning eyes,
When weeping love's low sobs and whisp'rings seem
But as the half-formed mutt'rings of a dream;
Death's shadowy vale now glimmers on the sight,
Blent with the mystic dawn of Heav'nly light,
Glows the saint's face, while, on his raptur'd ear
Fall sweet angelic voices drawing near.

Death's face no longer wears a threat'ning frown,
Dropt is his dart, and laid aside his crown,
Yea smiles he, pleas'd that unto him 'tis given
To ope Earth's gates and point the way to Heaven.

Thine has it been, O Cheerfulness! to lend
The sunny warmth and wisdom of a friend,
Hast sooth'd his care and deepen'd his repose,
Bless'd him through life, and chiefly at its close:—
Nor wilt thou leave him as he soars on high
Up to the Heav'nly home beyond the sky;
Like him transform'd, *thou* too shalt there appear,
Blest with new pow'rs for the celestial sphere,
These pow'rs thro' ceaseless ages shalt employ,
Thy name then chang'd from Cheerfulness to Joy.

THE END.

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